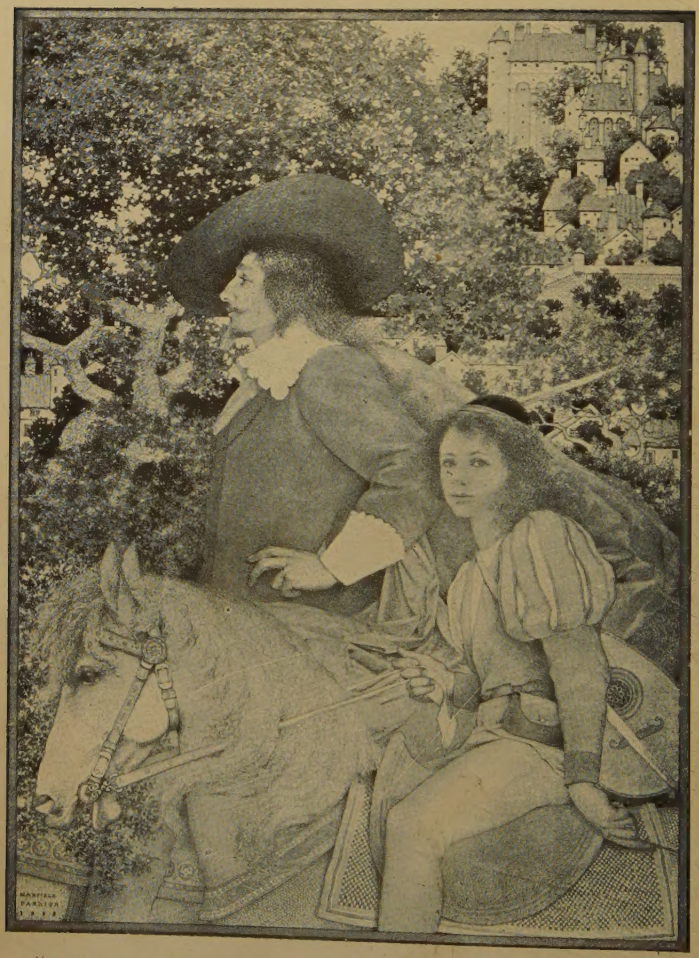

"MEANTIME, COUNT REYNAURD AND PIERROT TROTTED GAILY ALONG THE ROAD TO AIX"

STORIES OF CHIVALRY

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PREFACE

CHIVALRY and the Crusades bring us into an age of surprising adventures, when knights were bold and when thousands upon thousands of people left their homes and tramped across Europe.

These things changed the lives of innumerable children and shaped their characters in strange ways.

The boys and girls in the beautiful stories that follow are surrounded by the trappings of mediæval pomp and pride, but we shall see that at heart they were very much like those of to-day. The fine essence of that chivalry which is best is present just the same where there are no arms, no armor, no tournament, no Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The theme of the first of the stories is the love of a faithful boy friend; of the next, the rich sac-

rifice of a little girl's heart; of another, the kind-hearted courtesy of a noble lord; of another, the single-handed courage of a little lad carrying his country's standard to the enemies' hilltop

We call those times the dark ages, but we find many worthy deeds taking place.

STORIES OF CHIVALRY

. . . . .

This is the rule for the gallant knight.

Be meek of heart: work day by day;
Tread, ever tread, the knightly way;
Make lawful war: long travel dare;
Journey and joust for ladye fair:
To everlasting honor cling,
That none the barbs of blame may fling;
Be never slack in work or fight;
Be ever least in self's own sight;—
This is the rule for the gallant knight.

Love the liege lord; with might and main
His rights above all else maintain;
Be open handed, just and true;
The paths of upright men pursue;
No deaf ear to their precepts turn;
The prowess of the valiant learn:
That ye may do things great and bright,
As did Great Alexander hight;—
This is the rule of the gallant knight.

Eustache Deschamps.

STORIES OF CHIVALRY

"RICHARD, MY KING"

(The Story of a Crusader Knight)

BY LIVINGSTON B. MORSE

THE Crusades were holy wars undertaken by knights of old in Europe for the recovery of the sepulcher of Christ from the Saracens who then held Jerusalem and all Palestine. They were called Crusaders from the Latin word *crux,* which means cross, and because each of the soldiers wore upon his sleeve or breast or shoulder the embroidered figure of a cross to indicate the cause for which he fought. There were eight of these Crusades, or holy wars. But the story I am going to tell you belongs to the third—that one in which Richard I of England, called, for his famed strength and bravery, *Cœur de Lion,* or Lion-hearted, plays so prominent a part.

Although Richard was King of England, he had spent the greater part of his life in France;

for away back in the twelfth century, when he lived, England still held many provinces in France—notably those of Normandy and Aquitaine. Those were warlike times, and Richard was no laggard, I can tell you, where blows were to be given and returned. He had quarreled with his father and with his brothers, John and Geoffrey; and to make good his possessions in Normandy against the King of France, he had built him a fortress, Château Gaillard (Saucy Castle), upon an eminence above the Seine, just where the river bends across the Norman marshes on its way to the old city of Rouen.

It was on a beautiful morning in autumn that, with a great clanging and rattling of chains, the drawbridge was lowered over the moat of Château Gaillard, and a gallant train of mounted knights and squires rode forth into the crisp, bright air, followed by the huntsmen holding their hounds in leash. At the head of the train and somewhat in advance, mounted upon a coal-black horse, rode a princely figure clothed in Lincoln green,—the color of the huntsmen,—who wore upon his yellow locks a cap adorned with the feather of an eagle held by a jeweled brooch. He was taller than any other by a good

half head; and he sat upon his horse straight as a reed and as if the two were one. His broad shoulders and steel-blue eyes, piercing and fearless, and a certain arrogance of bearing, told more plainly than words that where'er he went Richard would be leader.

The horsemen clattered down the slope, their spurs and harness jingling merrily, then, putting their horses to the gallop, sped across the marshes toward the wood.

Richard still held the lead,—imperiously waving back the knights who would have borne him company because they feared some accident might befall the king riding thus alone,—and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the forest in pursuit of a noble stag which the keen hounds had already scented. Three miles and more he rode alone, following the baying hounds through beds of fern and bracken under the arching trees, when of a sudden his horse reared and shied, and then came to a standstill before a thicket.

Richard, with a start, drew rein and scanned the tangled growth. At first he could see nothing; then, as his eyes accustomed themselves to the dusk, he descried two figures prone upon the

ground. In an instant he was off his steed, and, with the bridle linked in his left arm, pushed his way among the interlacing vines to where the bodies lay. One was a man of middle age, rough, unkempt, and clad in ragged garments—an outlaw or robber without doubt, one of those who infested the forest at that time. The man was dead—slain by a dagger-thrust in the breast. The other was a slender youth dressed in the simple yet elegant costume of a squire. A heavy cloak lay beside him on the grass, half covering a harp such as the troubadours, or wandering minstrels, carried. His hair was long and dark, and fell in silken curls about a face whose delicate features betokened a nature refined and sensitive; the clear white skin and long fingers told also of a life passed in the gentler pursuits of music or of literature rather than of arms.

"'S death!" cried Richard. "What have we here? Robbery and murder?"

Dragging aside the fern, which half concealed the face of the youth, the king knelt beside him and laid his hand upon the heart. A slight flutter responded to his touch.

"By St. George, the boy still lives! A comely lad, forsooth."

He drew from his breast a silver hunting

"'IN THE LION'S KEEPING'"

whistle and blew three long, shrill blasts, then bent his head, listening impatiently for an answer. But none responded; his suite were far behind or wandering upon other trails.

"The idle varlets!" muttered the king. "Well, since they take me at my word, and lag behind, I 'll e'en play bearer to the lad myself."

The light burden of the youth was as nothing to the king's gigantic strength. He flung him lightly over the saddle-bow, then leaped into the saddle, and passing an arm about the body of the unconscious boy, raised him to a sitting posture, and thus supporting him against his breast, turned his horse homeward.

After a little the rushing of the cool wind in his face revived the youth, who had been but slightly wounded.

"Where am I?" he asked—as one who wakes from sleep, but without raising himself or withdrawing his fascinated gaze from the eyes of the king, now smiling into his.

"Marry, in the lion's keeping," laughed Richard, deep in his tawny beard. "Tell me, who art thou and how camest thou in the sorry plight in which I found thee?"

"My name is Blondel," said the youth, "and I am come from Arras. While journeying yester-

e'en through yonder wood I was set upon by three rough fellows who demanded of me purse or life. My answer was a dagger-thrust which did for one, I hope. But at that moment I was stricken from behind, and knew no more till now. Ah, but my harp! I had forgotten that," he cried sharply, raising himself, then falling back with weakness against the king's protecting shoulder.

"Nay, trouble not thyself with that," the king replied. "A harp thou shalt have, and a royal one, so thou provest thyself worthy of it. Thou art a minstrel, then?" he asked with interest.

"Ay, truly," said the youth; "I have a pretty talent at that trade. I was but now upon my way to seek the English king, who, they say, is kind to minstrels, when this misfortune overtook me. Perchance thou, being, as I judge, a lord of high degree, canst tell me if I be near to him or no?"

"Nearer thou canst not well be," laughed Richard. "He who now bears thee in his arms is the king himself."

Blondel would fain have flung himself from the saddle to kneel before the Majesty of England, but Richard held him back.

"Another time," he said. "Harken, now; I have a fancy for thee, boy. When thy wound is

cured, thou shalt make trial of thy skill; and if thy music liketh me as doth thy face, while Richard lives thou shalt not want a friend."

So Blondel was carried by King Richard to the castle, where his wound was dressed by the king's own physician.

By and by, when he had rested and refreshed himself, a harp was given him and he was led into the royal presence to make trial of his skill. Alone he stood there in the center of the room, a slender figure, leaning on his harp, all unabashed, yet modest, his deep, dark eyes, alight with gratitude and love, raised fearlessly to the king, before whose piercing glance so many quailed. The boy drew his fingers in a soft prelude over the strings, then, joining to the music a voice of wondrous sweetness, he broke into one of those old ballads of love and war so dear to the hearts of men of all times.

Richard, with his passion for music, was enchanted; Blondel's fame was made. Henceforth the king's palace was his home; and there sprang up between the great sovereign and his humble follower a beautiful ideal friendship. Blondel worshiped his master—his preserver—with all the fervor of his artist soul; and Richard loved

the boy with that frank generosity—too seldom shown, alas!—which belonged nevertheless to his better nature. Wherever he went Blondel must go also; he could not bear that the boy should be for an hour absent from his sight, and many were the songs that they composed and sang together; for the king himself was no mean musician.

Time passed, and there came the call to the Crusade. Richard, as the most warlike monarch of Christendom, promptly responded, and having gathered many men and much treasure, he left his kingdom in the hands of two archbishops and journeyed southward through France to the port of Marseilles, whence he embarked for Messina, the first stopping-place. With him, of course, went Blondel, ever by his master's side.

At Cyprus the cortège stopped awhile, and there was fighting there; but at length the long journey to Palestine was accomplished, and in the brave and noble Saladin, the leader of the Saracens, Richard found a worthy antagonist. Many are the tales told of the deeds of prowess in which the two took part, and many were the courtesies they exchanged. But, in spite of the worth of their leaders, the Crusaders won but small suc-

BLONDEL BEFORE RICHARD'S TOWER

cess, and after a little Richard was stricken with one of those wasting fevers that attack the traveler in torrid climes. The magnanimous Saladin sent to his royal enemy gifts of fruit, and snow brought at night on mule-back from the mountain-tops.

During all that long and tedious illness Blondel never left his master's couch, but tended him with the patience and gentleness of a woman, never wearying, never murmuring. His was the hand that cooled Richard's fever-heated brow, and his the voice that, accompanied by the sweet strains of his harp, lulled the king to slumber when all other means had failed.

At length the fever broke and the king regained his health; but he was unwilling to continue longer a struggle in which neither side could claim the victory. A long truce was arranged between the Christians and the Saracens; then Richard, with a few followers, set sail for home. Blondel was not of the number. As the most faithful servant of the king, he was intrusted with an important message to the King of Cyprus, after the delivery of which he was to join his sovereign in the city of London.

Now it happened that the vessel in which Rich-

ard and his band set sail suffered shipwreck near Aquileja, on the shores of the Adriatic Sea. Fortunately few lives were lost; but being in haste to reach England, where his brother John had usurped the crown, Richard decided to take the shorter route, across Germany, rather than to risk again the perils and delays of an ocean voyage. As the Duke of Austria, with whom Richard had quarreled while in the Holy Land, was his bitter enemy, this was a dangerous undertaking for the king. In the interests of safety, therefore, he adopted the disguise of a palmer, or wandering friar. But a man so well known of such stature as Richard could scarcely hope to pass unchallenged; and it happened that near the city of Vienna, while halting at a little wayside inn, he was recognized and made a prisoner. The Duke of Austria, overjoyed at such good fortune, hastened to hand his royal captive over to the emperor, who had him conveyed, without loss of time, to a fortress hidden in the thickness of a dark and lonely forest, the name and whereabouts of which were kept a secret.

When, after his long voyage, the faithful Blondel arrived in England, his first words were to ask intelligence of the king. And his heart

sank as he was answered with the direful news that his beloved master, his friend and protector, was a prisoner in a foreign land.

"But where?" he asked, "and what plans are there on foot to bring about his freedom?"

They could not tell; they did not know; perchance they did not care. Mayhap they feared the wrath of John and dared not help their rightful lord. Blondel asked no aid from those false lords and traitor subjects, but, taking only his harp, set out alone to find his royal master.

All through Germany he wandered, stopping before each fortress and each castle that seemed to him likely to serve the purpose of a prison. There he would play an air familiar to the king, and wait to learn if it were heard and recognized; for in this way he hoped to discover the place of his friend's concealment, and to convey to him the information that aid was at hand. With each new tower and castle that he chanced upon hope sprang up newly in his breast. He would take the harp from its case and resting it against his knee begin to play: perchance this was the one that held the king. But, alas! his song remained unanswered, and he passed on with a heavier weight upon his heart--yet never discouraged.

Day succeeded day, week followed week, month slipped into month. Mile after mile of forest and of dusty road he traversed, the faithful boy, persisting in his quest. Hope never quite deserted him. The loyal love that filled his heart ever urged him onward and still onward.

One evening just before the dusk, when the slanting sunlight threw long shadows of the pines across his path, Blondel approached a somber wood into whose dark recesses it seemed that man had never penetrated. On the topmost bough of a noble spruce-tree a little bird with wings and breast rosy, like flame, was caroling his even-song.

Blondel noted the bird, and suddenly, without apparent cause, there rushed through all his being a flood of joy and hope. "Rose is the color of hope," he said. "Where the bird goes, thither will I follow."

As if in answer to his words, the bird left his perch and flitted farther into the wood. Now it tarried upon one tree, now upon another, Blondel always following, until it led him close to the walls of a gloomy fortress flanked by one square tower, set in the very heart of the great forest.

There was no longer doubt or hesitation in

he mind of the young minstrel. The bounding oy within told him that his long search had come to a successful end. He seized his harp, nd stationed himself beneath the tower, played short prelude and began to sing a mournful lit-le melody that he and Richard had often sung ogether.

Scarcely had he completed the first stanza when voice far up in the tower, the voice he knew nd loved so well, took up and repeated the tender train. His heart overflowing with thankfulness, he minstrel fell upon his knees, and raising his eyes, dim with happy tears, to heaven, he ex-claimed: "Oh, Richard, my king! Oh, my king! Found, found at last!"

He might not see his royal friend, might not have speech with him, even; for doubtless watch-ful eyes were on the king, and at the first indica-tion that his place of confinement had been discovered his captors would spirit him away. Yet joy unspeakable filled the minstrel's faithful breast, for his weary search had at length been rewarded with success.

Blondel hastened back to England with the news; and presently Eleanor, the queen mother, set out with all her train and the huge ransom

that the emperor demanded, to buy the freedom of her son. You may be quite sure that Blondel accompanied them, and when the tall captive, pale from his long confinement, strode out among them all, the minstrel threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and grasping the hand of his royal and beloved friend, covered it with kisses.

Richard looked down upon the bowed head of the youth and his cold blue eyes softened. "The greatest thing in the world," he said, "is the love of a mother for her child; and after that, earth holds no more precious gem than the love of a faithful friend!"

ELENA'S CAPTIVE

(A tale of Spanish Chivalry)

BY CAROLINE DALE PARKE

THE morning of April 23, 1483, dawned bright and fragrant with the spring. It seemed a part of a glad festivity that reigned in the stern old castle of Vaena, and spread its joyous influence through the small town near at hand. For this day was not only the festival of St. George, it was a day of victory. The brave Count of Cabra had defeated the Moors, and had sent them back howling to their walled city of Granada. In this far-away time war seemed a natural course of things, and the count's little daughter, Elena, had scarcely known anything else. When, two nights before, she heard the loud ringing of bells and the steps of armed men in the hall, and saw the glare of alarm-fires on the mountain, she knew before she was told that the Moors were on a foray. Very bravely she buckled on her father's cuirass, and at dawn watched the soldiers winding along the road far

below like a broad, quivering band of colors and shimmering points. As they disappeared, her lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears, for fear her splendid, gallant father might never come back. But he had won, and was now leading home his happy men, with Arabian horses, Moorish prisoners, gold, jewels, and precious stones in his train. Ah, those were exciting times!

She stood in the great hall of the castle, where her father was to be received by the people of his household.

She seemed more like a queen than a little girl. She held her head erect, and looked about her with proud, quiet eyes. She talked seriously with the beautiful Doña Juana about the festivities that were to take place in honor of the victory, and told the splendid Doña Theresa, in a tone that made her words a command, to ride by her side when they went to the church.

At length the count and his knights arrived. There were stately greetings and many words of praise, and the count's face took on such a look of triumph that the young pages standing near were almost afraid of him. But Elena put her two arms about his neck, and laid her soft cheek

on his breast against the cold steel cuirass which he still wore. She was not afraid of him, and oh, she was so glad to see him again!

The warriors had much to tell, and everybody was willing to hear them tell it twice over: the skirmish in the brook Mingozales, the plan of attack and why it was so successful, with countless other matters which Elena could not understand, and which made her very sleepy.

After all, it was dull living like a princess in a great stony castle. Every day was like the other, with its time for receiving of magnificent but stupid ladies, its hours of dressing, putting on of jewels, and piling up of hair. Playthings were almost unknown, and playmates not to be had; for it would have been highly improper for the elegant Elena to play with any of the healthy, romping children of the town. People always remembered that she was the daughter and only heir of the splendid Count of Cabra, but somehow forgot that she was a little girl with a love of sunshine and laughter, and a healthy desire to run among the fields and the shady groves of orange and citron. I cannot imagine what she would have done but for her own little garden, where she could play to her heart's content. This

garden was an open space in the midst of the castle; it was surrounded by high walls with overhanging balconies; but away up you could see the small clouds sailing, and the deep, deep blue of the sky.

In the middle of the court was a fine fountain, surrounded by myrtle-trees which had dark, shining leaves and an aromatic smell. Elena always associated this smell with good times, and the giants and heroes that her nurse Margian told of. Here lived her flock of pet doves, and here she fed her tame leopard, that she loved and trusted in spite of his fierce ancestors. And he was worthy of her trust; for he was no ordinary beast, but a hunting-leopard of Africa, trained to follow the deer like a hound. Elena thought nothing could be more beautiful than his peculiar shaggy mane and his yellow-spotted skin.

She wished she could be in the garden with him now instead of standing so still and listening to the stiff talk of grown folk. She was glad when she heard her father say: "Go we now to see the fair steeds and craven Moors that were taken in yesterday's battle."

They filed with stately step out of the hall and down to the courtyard below, where they ranged themselves on the steps of the entrance, Elena and

"HER FLOCK OF PET DOVES AND HER TAME LEOPARD"

her father in the front. The steeds were already awaiting them, noble, delicate creatures with pink, trembling nostrils, and limbs as graceful as those of a gazelle—a rich booty indeed.

As they were driven out amid the shouts of the lookers-on, they were followed by human booty pitiful to see. Something in the wide-set eyes and straightforward face of man, no matter how degraded, makes it a terror to see him treated as goods and chattels. There is a nameless fear about it, deep as the heart itself. Elena, being just a little girl with a heart left much the same as the angels made it, shrank back and clung to her father's big hand. They came quite near—great, stately warriors with eyes that looked straight in front of them and seemed to see neither sunshine nor shadow; old men with trembling beards, who trod upon their long flowing robes as they passed; men pale as death, with the turbans gone from their heads; and powerful African Moors, almost as black as negroes, whose mustaches gave them a look like the fiends Elena had seen embroidered on tapestry. They had trudged a long way over rough mountain roads. The dust and heat made their fresh wounds painful, but humiliation caused them

even more suffering. They were very stern and silent.

Suddenly a little cry came from the midst, and a boy scarcely older than Elena herself stumbled to the ground. A soldier who seemed to have guard over him pushed him roughly with his spear, saying, "Pass on, thou young infidel dog!" The boy, wounded and faint with pain, cried out again.

In one swift moment Elena had sprung down the steps, had knelt by the little stranger, and was trying her best to lift him in her arms. The soldier bent over, too; but Elena's eyes flashed fire at him.

"Get thee hence! get thee hence!" she cried. "My father will have thee killed. Thou art a dog —a cruel, heartless rat!"

No name seemed mean or small enough, and she paused. The ring of her own voice made her eyes brim over with tears, and turning again to the little Moor, she placed her hand upon his shoulder protectingly. By this time her father was at her side, and Doña Theresa began to remonstrate in shocked tones.

"Come, daughter," said the count, "the prisoner must go on now."

"But he is hurt," cried Elena, between her sobs. "He cannot go on. No, no, no! the soldier shall not have him. He is mine now."

"He was my prisoner, sire," said the soldier, sulkily. "I took him in the midst of the river. He was near the king, and will bring rich ransom."

"No, no; give him to me!" pleaded Elena, with all the passion of a child who is never refused.

The boy, at first too much confused to do anything but gaze gratefully at Elena, now grasped the situation, and crept toward the count like a small hunted animal.

The count was a tender-hearted man, after all, and besides, Elena's wishes were law with him.

"What ransom dost thou expect?" he said to the soldier.

"A hundred pistoles of gold," responded the man, with a greedy look.

"That is too much. Come to-morrow and I will give thee fifty."

The soldier walked away, knowing very well that he must accept the offer—which was a fair one.

"And now, daughter, what sayest thou?" continued the count. "The boy is thine."

"Oh, my good, good father!" And Elena

jumped up to throw herself into the count's embrace. "Thou art the best father in the whole world."

She helped the boy to his feet, carefully guarding his poor wounded arm, and then guided him through the smiling throng. Like a little mother, she led him through the wide, cavern-like halls to her own garden, where she left him with the much-astonished Margian. Then she hurried back to the great hall, for she must go with the procession down to the church, where mass was to be said, and where the twenty-two banners taken from the Moors were to be consecrated.

The service over, the procession moved back to the castle. She ran eagerly through the corridors to her own garden. In the doorway she paused. Yes, there he was, stretched full length on a couch in the shady side of the court. He was dressed in the blue satin suit of a page, his arm was neatly bandaged in white, and his long black curls were brushed back from his forehead. Altogether he looked as fresh as a jasmine flower newly washed in dew. He had already made friends with "Carlos," the leopard, who crouched beside him, waving just the tip end of his tail in

affectionate content. The boy had one caressing hand on the broad head of the leopard and was watching him curiously.

When suddenly he caught sight of Elena, and rose to greet her, there was a grown-up dignity about him that made Elena hang her head and wish to run away. The boy came to her, and, kneeling before her, said in hesitating Spanish: "May the light be blessed unto thee. For what thou hast done this day may Allah reward thee. All my life is thine." And he took her hand and kissed it solemnly.

All Elena's ladylike ways and pretty speeches deserted her at this moment, and she still hung her head. The doves that had been walking on the sunny pavement, talking together in low, comfortable cooings, now spied their small mistress, and, lifting their wings with a quick, breezy commotion, flew to her, alighting on her head, shoulders, and hands. She seemed to have wings herself, so many were fluttering about her.

"How likest thou my doves?" said Elena, finding her voice suddenly.

"They are as beautiful as the morning; but I like the leopard best."

"Hast thou seen his tricks?" asked Elena.

Carlos, hearing himself mentioned, got up lazily and walked toward them, his spotted skin brightening in the sunlight, and his short mane bristling as he lifted his head.

"Come, Carlos," called Elena, sending the doves into the air with a quick toss of her hand, and running toward the far end of the court. Carlos followed with the quick, lithe step of a cat. As he caught up with her, Elena knelt on the pavement, and the leopard flew over her head in a long, graceful leap.

The boy was so delighted he could hardly wait his turn. Before many minutes the court rang with happy laughter, and a much overheated leopard was beginning to think himself in the frolic of his native jungle.

This was the beginning of long days of delight.

Elena's first thought every morning was, "Now I shall play with Reduan again."

It was all so new to Elena, this having a playmate, that she wanted to dance and sing continually. It sometimes happens that people are so rich as to be very poor indeed, and so it had been with Elena before Reduan appeared.

At first Reduan had to be still much of the time on account of his wounded arm, and Elena

would sit in the corner and listen to the tales he told; and oh, the beautiful Arabic poetry that he knew, and the stories of dark-eyed princesses, lovely as the dawn, of old men who read the stars like an open book, of powerful genii who could create fragrant gardens with a single wave of the hand! Even his ordinary talk was half poetry. His elder sister, Equivila, he said, was very beautiful, and wrote verses all of flowers and love. "But Gulnare is quiet and gentle; we call her the 'Nesting Dove'; and when she goes from the house the beauty departs from the walls and the fountain no longer gives forth music." It was thus his people in Granada spoke.

As his arm grew better he played countless games. He showed Elena how the garden could be transformed into a tourney-field; he was her knight, and fought imaginary foes for the glory of his lady, after which Elena crowned him with myrtle, and they sang songs together as a fit ending for the ceremony.

Once, at midday, they were lounging on a couch under a balcony, quite tired out with play. Margian dozed in her corner over her embroidery, and the children talked. Granada, as ever, was the theme—that city of fairy arches, deep

groves, and palaces each large enough to house an army. Reduan's eyes were shining proudly.

"My father says that for beautiful Granada he would die a hundred times over. For Granada is dearer than the dearest of her sons."

"Who is thy father?"

"Muza Gazan, whom Granada loves. Some day he shall save her, for there is no fear in his heart, and he is so wise."

"And was he, too, taken?" asked Elena.

"By the holy prophet, no! Allah could not so forget his faithful. But once he was almost gone. We were on the banks of the brook Mingozales. My father was on his horse in the stream, fighting with three foot-soldiers, and then I came near, and—then—" The boy's head bowed suddenly, and Elena saw a deep blush mount his cheek.

"I cannot tell thee more," he said, with a sob in his throat.

The next day Elena found him still sorrowful.

"Come and play," she said eagerly, pulling his hands.

"Fair Elena, I am not worthy to play with thee," answered the boy, with the solemn manner of his first greeting.

"THE COURT RANG WITH REDUAN'S GAY LAUGH AS THE LEOPARD LEAPED OVER

"Now, that is foolish," responded Elena. "My father says Muza Gazan is worthy to be with the greatest in Spain."

"Muza Gazan, yes, but not Muza Gazan's son. Nay, send me back to the soldier. It would have been better if he had killed me at first."

"Reduan, what ails thee to-day?" asked Elena, tenderly, trying to put her arms around him.

But he pushed her off, saying doggedly: "Then I must tell thee. After that thou canst send me away—send me away," he went on hurriedly.

"Dost remember what I said yesterday, but could not finish? My glorious father fought against three men in the stream. I saw my father surrounded by the enemy as if by rushing clouds, and I hastened back to him. I did fight for a while, and I trust I helped him; but when I saw that great soldier with eyes of greed—he came to me and struck at me terribly, and I cannot tell why, but quickly, before I knew, I screamed and —hid behind my father. Oh, my glorious father! How could I so drag thy name in the dust!" And with a bitter cry Reduan hid his head in the pillows of the couch.

Elena's heart was all one tender impulse to comfort him.

"Thou must not think of it in this fashion," she cried. "It was not thy fault, truly it was not. The soldier was so much bigger than thou. He was the coward, and not thou, my brave Reduan."

To the boy who had brooded over the deed so long that it had grown to monstrous size these words seemed very good. But they made him cry, so he hid his head deeper in the cushions.

Elena knelt by the couch and pushed the cushions softly away.

"Tell me, Reduan. If thou sawest thy father in danger again, wouldst go to him?"

Reduan sat up. "For my glorious father I would die a thousand deaths," he said, with a gleam that made Elena thrill in every vein.

"Then," triumphantly, "thou art no coward at all."

"Yes," responded Reduan, bitterly; "but when shall I ever see my father again? I must stay here like a child. Oh, if I could go back and try, just once!"

"Thou shalt go back; I will send thee."

"That thou canst not; thy father will not let me go."

"But I will ask him."

"No matter. I am a prisoner of war; he will

not consent." And Reduan's voice had a sad cadence in it that made Elena more determined than ever.

She sat for some moments in silence, her chin in her two hands; then suddenly she said: "To-morrow will be my birthday; we shall have a feast, and my father will bid me ask for anything I want, and I will ask for thy freedom, and he must give it because of the promise."

Reduan's face brightened. "Wilt thou do this indeed?" he cried. "Wilt thou?" clapping his hands.

Elena was as delighted as he over the scheme. They talked of it excitedly all the morning. Reduan burned with the desire to get back among the soldiers, go into battle with his father, and prove his bravery. Elena already saw him victorious, and heard his father's warm praises that he was sure to win. That afternoon they had a great romp with Carlos. How many tricks Reduan had taught him, to be sure, and how fond Carlos was of him! Some of his prettiest tricks he would do only at Reduan's command. The court rang with Reduan's gay laugh as the leopard leaped over a stick he held high in air.

"Let me try to do that," said Elena. "Come,

Carlos; ready now"—and she stood in front of the animal with the stick held out.

But Carlos turned with a contemptuous toss of the head, and walked leisurely over to Reduan, rubbing his back against the boy's knees.

Elena looked after him, and the corners of her mouth began to quiver.

"Shame on you, Carlos!" shouted Reduan, dragging him back. "Now, jump!"

But Carlos refused to stir, in spite of repeated commands.

Elena threw down the stick and walked away with a little choke in her throat.

"Oh, mind it not," said Reduan, coming after her. "I will make him do it, never fear."

"No; he won't jump for me," answered Elena, her eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, never mind," said Reduan again, putting his arm around her protectingly.

"You are in all the plays," said Elena, her sobs rising fast. "It is the same with the doves and the tourney and—and everything."

Reduan for the first time realized how El[illegible] would have to stay all by herself after he [illegible] gone. He would have adventures, would [illegible] new scenes every day; but Elena must be in t[illegible]

lonesome old castle, with no one in the world to play with. He began to cry, too, at the thought of it.

"I wish I could stay with thee always, always," he said. "I would be thy knight, and nobody should ever hurt thee in the whole world. I would not let them."

He forgot he had called himself a coward only a few hours ago.

"Wilt thou be my knight?" asked Elena, beginning to brighten like an April afternoon.

"Yes, Star of the Morning"; and Reduan dropped on one knee with all the gallantry of a grown-up warrior.

Here Margian's voice was heard calling that it was time for the siesta. Elena hastily took the blue ribbon from her hair and tied it on his arm.

"Now thou art my truly, truly knight," she said, and then ran merrily away, her black curly hair, freed from its bands, tossing as she went.

When Margian had left her in the half-darkened room, she lay on her bed thinking, thinking. She wondered if he would ever come back, and then fell to wishing he would not go. Well, he did not have to go, after all; she had suggested it herself. It seemed as if some wicked little spirit must

have been hovering about to put the thought in her head, it came so suddenly. She would not let him go! She would not ask her father for his freedom. Why need she ask for a thing she did not wish at all? How foolish she had been! This was such an easy way out of it. Finally she fell asleep with a satisfied smile on her rosy mouth; but her good angel, who hung over her head, did not like the smile, and flew away with her beautiful head drooping sorrowfully.

The next morning the little garden was all decked with Elena's birthday presents. There was a cross of purest gold, a small missal, or book of prayer, copied by the hand of some monk in the monastery of Varatojo, a lute inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and a girdle of silver carved with arabesques as delicate as a spider-web.

Reduan ran toward her as she came in.

"See them, see them!" he cried gleefully.

Elena could hardly wait to see each one. She wanted to look at them all at once. Presently Reduan said, rather wistfully: "I wish I had a gift for thee, thou hast given me so much."

"Oh, Reduan, do not speak of that!"

"Then my thoughts will keep it all the more."

"'RISE, O KNIGHT!' SAID ELENA, IN A CLEAR VOICE"

Elena felt strangely uncomfortable, and began to pick the strings of her lute, which lay on the couch. She almost wished he would not look so happy. Could it be he was thinking all the time about going away?

Reduan came and sat beside her. He took out a talisman that hung about his neck. It was a little golden hand, and he believed it held sorrow and joy in its fingers.

"Let me give thee this," he said. "I would not give it to anybody else in the world."

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Elena, drawing back as if afraid of it.

"Art thou angry with me, Star of the Morning?" asked Reduan, wonderingly.

"Oh, don't give it to me!" was all Elena could say, as she ran over to the fountain and held her fingers under one of the small streams.

The morning passed rather stupidly, in spite of the added birthday treasure. Elena made a thousand decisions. Now a joyous look or word from Reduan would remind her of her promise, and she would say to herself, "I must let him go"; and yet, no, he should not go—she was quite determined. This she repeated to herself many times. By sunset her mind was fully made up. She

would ask her father for a pony, and Reduan could ride upon it.

At last the hour of the banquet arrived. Margian had dressed Elena in a stiff gown of brocade that reached to her dainty toes; her long black hair fell loosely, bound only by a chain of pearls that shone against it like clear drops of dew against dark, velvety shadows. On the back of her head she wore a tiny beaded cap, too small to hide her ears or the curls against her forehead. The banquet-hall was as gay as she. Torches were set along the walls, and flickered merrily on the polished shields and spears that hung above and between them. Boughs from the evergreen oak decorated the doors, and wreaths of orange and myrtle gave a sweet, unaccustomed odor to the place. High over the heads of the guests was draped a splendid banner, in whose folds one caught glimpses of the goat of Cabra. Beside her father, and somewhat above the others, stood Elena, her big eyes shining with delight. She bowed graciously to the people.

"You are welcome," she said, so everybody could hear. "May the joy of my birthday be your joy, as my heart is yours."

Then she looked up at her father, for he had told her what to say. The pages advanced, some holding the dishes high above their heads, others carrying goblets of wine, which they presented with pretty grace; for, boys as they were, the pages had learned among the ladies of the castle to be gentle and dignified in bearing.

Suddenly Elena was conscious that a page was kneeling beside her, offering a great golden goblet of wine.

"Fair Elena," he said, "one who will one day be thy knight serveth thee humbly now as page. Thou didst take him from the hand of death to place him in the light of thy smiling, and now thou bestowest freedom, which meaneth his country and his king. Thou hast given him all, and in return he giveth that he hath: his service forever."

The speech was full of Moorish extravagance, but the voice was clear and earnest, and the large dark eyes rested on her reverently.

What if he should look into her soul and see how wicked it was? She longed to hide her face. She wondered how the blessed Virgin and the saints happened to let her live and sit at the feast with the others, and she wished—how she

wished!—to run out of the hall, out of the castle —anywhere!

"Will the fair Elena take the cup, or shall the page with his pretty speeches wait all the night?" she heard her father saying.

"Oh, yes," she answered faintly, taking the goblet in her two hands. "I thank thee, my page."

Reduan rose from his knees and carried the silver waiter back to the other end of the hall. There was joy in his very step and the wave of his blue-black curls. He wore her blue token on his arm. Elena watched him breathlessly; every gesture he made seemed to rebuke her. Oh, if she had only been good!

Reduan soon came back and stood behind her chair. Her cheeks grew hot, and she could not eat. She thought all the time of Reduan's joy, and how she had betrayed it. The tears came to her eyes. What if her father should refuse to grant her wish? Oh, if he should forget to ask her!

At length the feast was over, and her father stood up and addressed the people.

"This is a very glad day to me," he said. "I would like to show you all what a glad day it is, and I want my little daughter to be glad most of

all. So, Elena," turning to her, "tell thy father what will make thee most happy this day, and it shall be thine."

Elena could not rise fast enough. "My father," she began tremblingly, "thou rememberest the boy thou gavest me from the prisoners. He is a prince, thou hast told me, and he cannot stay. He must fight for his king. He—I want his freedom. Oh, father, give me his freedom, so he can be a brave soldier!"

Forgetting all her dignity, she threw her arms around her father in tearful entreaty. Reduan, meanwhile, was too anxious to look up.

"This is a strange request, daughter," answered the count, frowning. "There is no wisdom in giving a soldier back to the strength of the enemy."

"Oh, but, father, please!" pleaded Elena.

"My child, this is not what thou wishest. Ask for something for thyself."

"Nay, father; this is what I wish. I do, I do!" And as she spoke Elena gave him a kiss that was hard to resist.

The count was puzzled. It was awkward indeed to offer a free gift before the guests and then fail to redeem his word; but who would have

thought that the little mischief would ask for such an impossible thing?

"No, Elena," he said at last; "this is not truly a gift; this is an affair of war for men and soldiers to think of, not for little girls. Be reasonable. I will find thee a beautiful Arabian steed with trappings of silk and silver."

Elena was too disappointed even to cry. Reduan crept behind her chair with a sob, but she stood for a moment quite still. All day she had invented excuses to keep Reduan with her. Now, if she only could find an excuse to set him free! She would not give up yet—no, no, no! But what should she say?

"I do not want the horse," she answered at length, very quietly.

"Elena," began her father, reprovingly. But Elena's face suddenly brightened, and she said, with a wise look in her eyes: "Father, what did the king and queen with the Moorish king after thou hadst made him prisoner?"

"They gave him back again to his city of Granada," was the puzzled answer.

"Who wished it most of all?" she asked again.

"Our generous queen," responded the count, warmly.

"Then if our good Queen Isabella were here instead of me, she would say, 'Go, Reduan; thou art free.'"

The count laughed heartily, and drew the little girl toward him, kissing her proudly on her forehead.

"My little queen," he said, "thou hast thy wish."

"Brave Elena!" shouted all the people at once, and Elena's heart seemed to be dancing in her bosom as light as a feather. Never had she been so proud, so happy.

"We will not leave our gift half-way," went on the count. "To-night a courier goes to Alcalá la Real. I shall give him orders to see the boy safely over the frontier."

Reduan was disappointed. It seemed much better to go alone and to fight his way. But Elena was delighted.

"And what gifts wilt thou bestow upon thy prisoner, little queen?" asked the count. "He must not go empty-handed."

Elena's eyes shone. "Oh, father, give him a horse, a fine horse for battle, and a cuirass and a sword."

"Brava, brava!" shouted the guests again,

while Reduan stood blushing with surprise and gratitude.

The sword and the cuirass were brought. Never, it seemed to Reduan, had armor shone so brightly. The other boys looked on with envy, for a page was not allowed to wear armor,—that was for the knights alone,—and Reduan received it only as a compliment. He stood up like a soldier while Elena buckled on the cuirass; then he knelt while she playfully struck him on the shoulder with the sword. This was the sign of knighthood, which, if it had been bestowed by the count, would have made him a real knight.

"Rise, O knight!" said Elena, in a clear voice.

"And now," said the count, "the courier is waiting, so go thou to him; thy horse will be ready."

"Good-by, Elena," said Reduan, his face growing beautiful as he spoke. "Thou hast been so good to me always, always."

This time the words made her glad. "Reduan," she responded, her voice very low, "wilt thou give me the talisman now? I—I could not take it this morning."

Reduan slipped the ribbon from his neck with a gesture as if to say, "Take my two eyes if thou

wilt," and placed it around Elena's neck. "May it defend thee from all ill," he said; "this will be my talisman now." And he pointed to the blue ribbon on his arm. "I am thy knight. Good-by."

He was wondering how so little a girl, and a Spanish one at that, could be more beautiful than Equivila and more lovable than Gulnare.

Before Elena could answer, he was at the great arched doorway of the hall, his polished cuirass glimmering against the darkness beyond, and his clear, pale face seeming gentler than ever before. Doña Theresa, usually so stern, was weeping, and all the guests were silent for a moment. Then, rising from their seats, they held their goblets high in the air, crying: "Bravo, Sir Saracen! Long live Elena! Brava, brava!"

COUNT GEOFFREY'S CREST

BY CAROLINE K. HERRICK

ONE autumn morning of a far-away time, in the fair land of Anjou, Gaspard, the charcoal-burner, was setting out from his humble cottage in the forest.

"Farewell, good wife," he said cheerily. "I am off for another day's work."

"Ay, another day's work, to earn but just another day's bread," replied the wife, sadly. "While we eat each day all the earnings of the day before, how shall we ever begin to save for Babette's marriage portion?"

"The child is scarce six years old," said the father. "She will not marry next week."

"Neither shall we begin to save for her next week, nor next year, nor ever, I fear," answered his wife.

"Have faith in God," said Gaspard. "It may please Him to make us rich before the child is grown."

That evening the wife waited in vain for her husband's return. At midnight she barred the door and lay down to a sleepless night, haunted by dread of calamity.

But morning brought her husband back, with a strange jingle of gold in his pouch and on his lips a wondrous tale of having guided a knight out of the forest and to the castle of Loches, where the knight proved to be none other than the lord of the land, Count Geoffrey of Anjou, who graciously caused his peasant guide to be seated beside him at table, entertained him as an honored guest, and dismissed him on the morrow with a reward for his services that would have paid him for six months' work at the kiln.

"Heaven be praised!" cried the wife, when she saw the gold pieces. "We *are* rich! Let us buy a flock of geese, and lay aside the price of every tenth goose for Babette."

In the edge of the forest, when spring had returned and the yellow bloom was brightening all the country-side, a small maiden sat singing to herself as she wove a garland of the gay blossoms.

"I am a queen," she sang. "This is my golden crown."

She pressed it down on her dark hair, then sat stiffly upright, her feet close together and hands crossed before her—the right holding a long wand of which she had made use in a recent contest with a morose-looking gray goose that waddled about near by, trailing one wing on the ground.

A young knight came riding along the forest road. At sight of the quaint little figure he smiled and reined in his horse before her, while the gray goose lurched toward him with extended neck, hissing.

"Good day, little maid," said the knight, "thou art like a queen on her throne."

"I am a queen," the ch. eplied in all seriousness. "This is my golden crown."

"And what is thy name, little queen?" he asked.

"I am Gaspard's Babette," she answered. "What is thy name?"

"I am Foulque's Geoffrey," he replied, with a smile.

"Art thou lost?" she asked.

"Nay, little one," he replied.

"Ah, what a pity!" sighed the child. "It is weary waiting for some one to get lost."

"'GOOD DAY, LITTLE MAID,' SAID THE KNIGHT, 'THOU ART LIKE A QUEEN ON HER THRONE'"

"And why dost thou want some one to get lost?"

"Because," she answered, "they would ask me of the way; and I should show them how to get out of the wood" (it was but a stone's-throw from the highway), "and they would take me to the castle and show me wonderful things and give me money to bring home."

"Ah, I see," said the knight. "Is thy father the good man who guided the count out of the forest?"

She nodded her head.

"My father says it was like fairyland at the castle. He brought back so much money that we are quite rich now. We have a flock of geese. I watch them in the meadow."

"I see but one goose; and this is not the meadow," said the knight, somewhat puzzled.

"I am here to-day," said the child, "because this fiery old gray goose pecked the little white goose that I love—she is so gay; and I punished the old one with a stick and"—she hung her head and spoke very low—"I broke her wing. So my father says I shall no longer keep the flock, but only the gray goose, until her wing is well and I have learned wisdom."

"And when will that be?" he asked.

"Her wing will be well next week," said Babette.

"Wilt thou have learned wisdom by that time?"

"I have learned," she answered. "I shall use a thinner stick next time."

"Art not thou lonely here, with only the gray goose for company?" asked the knight.

"Yes," she replied, "since no one gets lost in the forest. I would that some one might come to play with me." Then, eying him critically, she added, "Wilt thou stay and play with me?"

"For a little while," he agreed. "What shall we play?"

"Thou shalt be king and I queen," she said. "I will make thee a crown like mine."

The knight looked in dismay at the bristling yellow garland that encircled her head like a halo, and suggested that a smaller one would do for him: "Just one branch for a plume of gold."

She pulled a branch from a bush and offered it to him. "Thou must crown me," he said. "Canst thou stand on my foot to reach up?"

She kicked off her wooden shoes and, by the help of his hand, clambered up and stood with her two small feet resting on his foot and the stirrup, her left hand clinging to a tuft of the

horse's mane, while she arranged the broom in his cap.

"Thou art my lady," he said, as he lifted his head with its golden plume, "and I shall wear thy colors in the lists at the Whitsuntide tourney at Chinon."

"Dost thou live so far away as Chinon?" she asked in a tone of regret.

"Sometimes," he answered. "But now I am living at Loches. Wilt thou come with me and see my home?"

"Canst thou show me the castle, too?" she asked eagerly.

"Thou shalt see it," he promised. "Get thy shoes and climb up before me."

"Thou must take the gray goose, too," she said. "My father would be angry if I left it here."

"If I must, I must," said the knight, laughing, and he held the flapping creature under one arm while the other lifted the child to the saddle-bow; then he placed the goose on her knees, and she threw both arms across its back, while, with the same strong hand that held the child against his breast, he grasped the goose's writhing neck to prevent the vicious pecks with which it assailed the horse.

As they emerged from the shadowy wood upon the sunny highway, the knight looked down into the happy little face lying upon his bosom, at the hissing, struggling bird, and asked himself, "What would my good wife the Empress Matilda say could she see me in this plight?"

To six-year-old Babette everything in the world was still so new that nothing was surprising; so it was only a part of the beautiful story, and no marvel, to discover that her kind playfellow was no other than the Count of Anjou himself, and the great castle his home.

On their arrival, the gray goose—in spite of indignant quacks and hisses—was crowded into a huge basket with a bountiful supply of corn and a pan of water, and Babette was sent to Dame Agnes, wife of the castellan, with a request that the little peasant should be made ready to sit with the count at the dinner that would soon be served.

When the child was led into the great hall at the dinner-hour, her face shone from the scrubbing it had received, her wind-blown hair hung in smooth braids, drawn forward over each shoulder. Here the improvements ceased. There

were no children in the castle whose clothes could be lent to Babette, no shoes small enough for her feet; so, since wooden shoes were quite out of the question, she pattered across the pavement of the hall on bare feet, whose little pink toes showed beneath the scant gown that Dame Agnes had tried her best, but in vain, to lengthen.

"May I have these things?" Babette asked, looking with wide eyes of wonder at the dainty food that was placed before her. The count nodded assent. Selecting a roll of wheaten bread and a small meat-pie, she prepared to crowd them into the bosom of her dress. "I will take them to my mother," she said, with a happy smile.

"Eat them, little one," said the count, "and thou shalt have more to take to thy mother"; and the roll and the pie were set down again on the table.

"Thou must have something to take home for thyself," said the count; and, unclasping a chain of gold from his neck, he threw it about the child's shoulders. "It is my marriage gift to thee," he said; "and mayst thou find a good lad for a husband."

"Nay," Babette protested; "I shall not marry a boy! I like not boys. They are rough and pull

my hair. If I must marry, I shall marry Michel's Cècile. She is good and gentle, and I love her."

"Possibly thou mayst change thy mind before thou art grown," said the count, smiling.

After dinner Count Geoffrey led the prattling child by the hand all through the castle, even up the narrow, winding stair to the roof of the Black Count's grim tower, from which she saw more of the world than she had ever seen before: the town of Loches, covering the slope of the hill below; the sunny plain, with the silver ribbon of the Indre flowing smoothly northward to join the swifter current of the Loire; to the eastward Beaulieu, with its stately abbey and rich farm lands; to the westward the dark forest, stretching almost to Chinon, forty miles away.

"Ah, but it is beautiful—more beautiful than my father told!" exclaimed the child.

"Wouldst thou like to stay here and play with my little lads, when my squire brings them home a week hence?" asked the count.

"Nay," replied Babette. "I like not boys. I had rather play with thee. Thou art as gentle as Cècile, and I love thee"; and she laid her round cheek in the palm of the hand which she held.

"But now I must go home. I drive the geese

in when the sun gets as low as this. My mother will be looking for me."

"It grieves me to let thee go, child," said the count. Instead of leading her down the turret stair, he lifted her in his arms and carried her tenderly down to the castle court. The most trusty of his men-at-arms was called to carry her to her home. The gray goose made the journey in a basket, and there was another basket filled with good things from the castle larder. As the count lifted Babette to the saddle, he said warningly:

"Have a care of thy chain, my child; it is precious. Let thy mother keep it for thee against thy wedding-day. Perchance harm might come to thee, for its sake, shouldst thou wear it in the meadow or the forest. Farewell, little Babette. Thou art a sweet playfellow."

He stood looking after her, and not until she had waved a last farewell as she passed through the outer gate did he turn back into his somber castle, muttering to himself:

"I would I had a little maid like that!"

As he threw his cap upon a table, his eye fell upon the faded blossoms of the broom that Babette had stuck there. "I will keep my promise

to her and wear it," he said; "not alone at the tourney, but always. It shall be my crest. What care I for the rose of misty England! Henceforth my house shall be known as the house of Plantagenet, after *Planta genesta,* the golden blossom of my own sunny Anjou!"

"GEOFFRY OF MONMOUTH SWEETLY SLEPT,
UNCONSCIOUS OF THE QUEEN"

GEOFFRY OF MONMOUTH'S DREAM

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN

AMONG the clustering rose-trees
In the castle garden fair,
Queen Maud of England, long ago,
Walked in the morning air;
A score of pretty maidens,
So blithe and bright and gay,
Walked with Queen Maud of England
In the shining, early day.

Under the clustering rose-trees,
On a bank all mossy green,
Geoffry of Monmouth sweetly slept,
Unconscious of the Queen—
The Queen and her merry maidens,
Who found him where he lay,
Asleep in the dappled sunshine
Of the early summer day.

Then up spake Anne of Normandy,
The cousin of the King,
"Pelt him with roses, maidens;
Awaken him and sing:

"UNDER THE CLUSTERING ROSE-TREES
GEOFFRY OF MONMOUTH LAY"

Why sleeps my Lord of Monmouth
So early in the day,
When the Queen and all her maidens
Are blithe and bright and gay?"

Then up spake English Edith,
The cousin of the Queen,
As sweet as any violet new
That glistens in the green.
"Oh, prithee, hush!" said Edith;
"For truly it would seem
To be a dreadful evil
To break a poet's dream."

Among the clustering rose-trees,
With laughter hushed and low,
A-tiptoe in the morning sun,
The Queen and her maidens go.
Under the clustering rose-trees
Geoffry of Monmouth lay,
And dreamed the lovely morning
And the noontide all away.

In the castle hall at evening,
To lords and ladies fair,
Geoffry of Monmouth told his tale—
A vision bright and rare.
Their hearts beat quick and tender,
To hear the tale out-ring

"A-TIPTOE IN THE MORNING SUN,

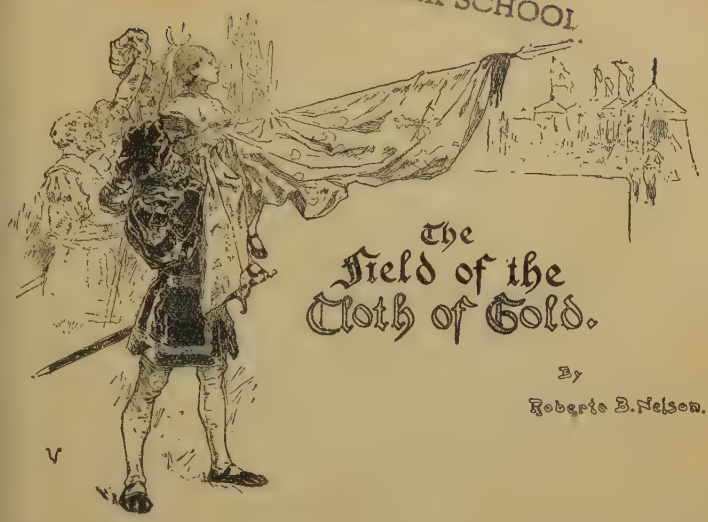
"IN THE CASTLE HALL AT EVENING"

Of Arthur, the great Pendragon,
The heaven-sent fairy king.

'T was still in the hall of the castle
Till the King, when the tale was done,
Cried, "Geoffry of Monmouth, truly tell
How such a tale was spun."
"This morn, as I slept in the garden,"
Said Geoffry of Monmouth, "Sire,
A dream of the great Pendragon
Came upon wings of fire."

'T was still in the hall of the castle;
They brooded long o'er the tale,
While Anne of Normandy laughed low,
And Edith's cheek went pale:
Sweet Edith, maid of England—
Maid wise enough to deem
It was a dreadful evil
To break a poet's dream!

COLLEGE PARK SCHOOL



The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

By Roberta B. Nelson.

EVEN the cardinal was satisfied. He stood before the old castle of Guisnes, and surveyed the plain between Guisnes and Ardres. It had been bare and desolate, but his genius had transformed it into a veritable fairy-land. He felt that its beauty made it worthy of the event it was to commemorate—the meeting of Henry VIII, King of England, and Francis I, King of France.

It was Wolsey, the cardinal, who had advised his royal master to meet Francis in all good fellowship; he feared the influence of the Spanish,

and wished Henry to form an alliance with France.

The French king, too, was anxious to secure Henry as an ally, and the Plain of Guisnes had been agreed upon as the place of meeting; it was close to the French frontier, but on English ground.

Henry had consented to cross the Channel, and his prime minister, Wolsey, had arranged all the details of the journey and the meeting.

The king's retinue had been selected from the noblest of the kingdom. Wolsey, with his three hundred followers, headed the escort, and was followed by dukes, earls, barons, bishops, and knights, with their retainers. The escort numbered four thousand horsemen, not including the queen's escort, numbering nearly two thousand persons and eight hundred horses.

The French king had an equally splendid retinue.

King Henry and his great cavalcade were taken, on arrival at Guisnes, to the magnificent palace provided by Wolsey. There was an old palace there, and Wolsey had established himself in that, and erected a new one for his king. This palace was the most beautiful place imaginable;

it had so many glazed windows that it looked as though built of crystal, and much of the woodwork, both inside and out, was covered with gold. All the way from the gate to the door were rows of silver statues. Inside, the walls of the chambers and halls were hung with magnificent tapestry embroidered in gold, and the ceilings were draped with white silk.

But Henry was not to spend all of his time in his fine palace, for tents had been erected on the plain, and in these the two kings and their suites were to lodge.

The tents of the French king were pitched just outside the walls of the town of Ardres, and extended almost to the tents of King Henry.

The tents in which the two queens were lodged were covered with cloth of gold, as were also the tents of the ladies in attendance upon them, and of all members of the royal families. The effect was dazzling.

Beautiful pavilions, hung with cloth of gold, dotted the plain; banners floated everywhere; fountains of wine spouted in the bright June sunshine; horses, decorated with fluttering ribbons, pranced about gaily.

So gorgeous had the dreary plain been made

that it has become known in history as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Cardinal Wolsey was very fond of splendor and pomp, and on this occasion had exerted all his powers.

He was quite satisfied with the result, and, after looking about carefully to see that all was in readiness, he gathered together his large retinue of noblemen, and in stately procession they rode across the field to pay the respects of Henry to Francis.

One hundred noblemen mounted on horses whose trappings were of red velvet rode first. After them came the bearer of a huge gold cross and a crucifix of precious stones. Then came the haughty cardinal, dressed in crimson velvet and wearing his red hat. His horse had trappings of crimson velvet, and the stirrups and buckles were of gold. Behind him were six bishops, and then a hundred of the king's archers with their great yew bows and keen arrows.

This grand procession rode to the French tents near the town of Ardres, where it was saluted by the French artillery. At the tent of King Francis [illegible] dismounted, and presented the regards of his master to the King of France.

Then he returned to the English camp, and the following day Francis sent one of his nobles to return the ceremonious visit in similar state.

The French noble and his followers were royally treated by the English, and "feasted marvelously," which is not to be wondered at, as the English had brought with them two hundred cooks.

It was on June 7, 1520, that the meeting of the sovereigns took place, and, amid the roar of saluting guns, they rode forth, each accompanied by a brilliant retinue similar to that of the cardinal; indeed, even the following of the greatest monarch could hardly be more gorgeous than Wolsey's.

The King of England was magnificent, attired in cloth of silver set with jewels; and his horse had golden trappings. The King of France was equally dazzling in cloth of gold.

When they met, they dismounted, embraced each other, and went into a beautiful pavilion to confer together. Their retainers kept guard outside until they reappeared, and then great revelry followed.

Day after day the good fellowship continued between the kings and their followers. Henry

called on the Queen of France, and a splendid banquet was given in his honor, in which all the queen's ladies were dressed in cloth of gold. On the same day, Francis was entertained with equal splendor by the Queen of England. Occasionally, during these days of good cheer, a tournament was held, in which, each accompanied by twenty nobles, the two kings engaged in combat against any who dared to meet them. But only blunt lances were used, so no injury could be inflicted.

When no tournament was being held, the kings' soldiers gave exhibitions of their strength and skill in running, jumping, wrestling, or riding. These exhibitions Henry and Francis always attended, and the two queens, with their ladies, frequently watched the sports through the glazed windows of the long galleries erected for them.

A French captain, by way of amusing himself, collected all the boys of the neighboring towns, and formed them into a company, which he drilled every day. They were bright youngsters, and greatly enjoyed being drilled by a real soldier.

One day King Francis heard of this new company of his subjects, and expressed a desire to

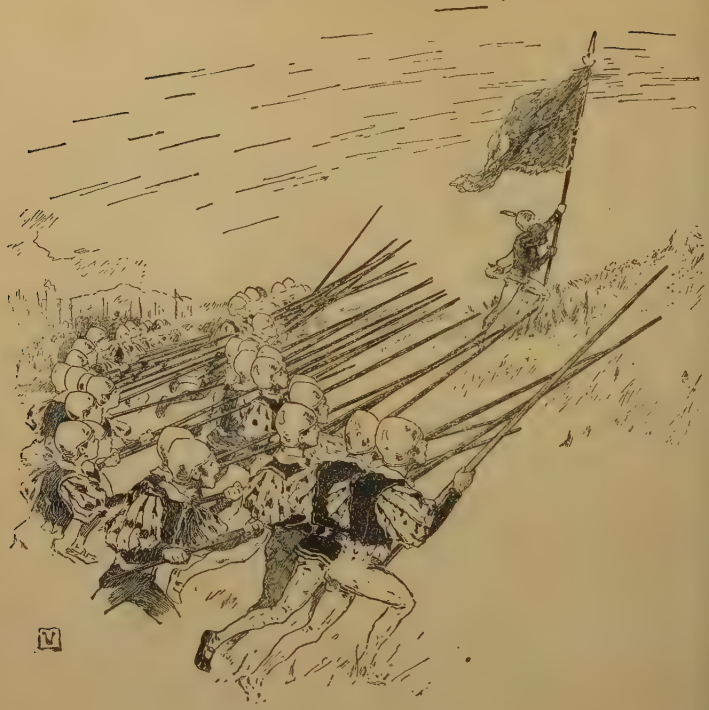
witness its tactics. Accordingly, preparations were made; bright new helmets and lances were provided for the young soldiers, and a new French flag obtained.

When the eventful day came, the kings, queens, and all the splendid retinue watched the drilling of the proud little Frenchmen, who went through with it very creditably and were highly applauded.

Then King Francis wished to test their bravery, and, at his request, King Henry's archers, two hundred in number, and all of whom had been selected on account of height and strength, were placed at the top of a hill; and up that hill, facing the mighty archers, the company of boys was ordered.

They were armed with blunted lances, and they did not know that the king's archers had been instructed to send their arrows so far over the heads of the boys as to avoid all chance of hurting them.

Great guns were placed on the hilltop, to bewilder and terrify the young soldiers. It was a severe test of bravery. When the order came to advance and take possession of the hill, the captain who had drilled the boys placed the flag of



"THE GAY LITTLE BAND BEGAN THE LONG ASCENT"

France in the hands of a young peasant, Victor Bacheaux, with the command, "This is your king's flag; guard it with your life!"

Victor Bacheaux, proud as boy could be, stepped quickly to the front, holding the flag gallantly aloft.

"Go, now," the captain said very impressively

to his company of eager boys, "and never look back; do not forget—*never look back!*"

Then the boy in command gave the order, and the gay little band marched straight to the hill and began the long ascent.

Then the guns began to roar, and the archers sent their arrows forth. Still the boys kept on; they were half-way up the hill. The people in the field below were shouting and cheering; but in front of them were those mighty archers whose arrows were flying thick and fast.

Suddenly a panic came upon the little Frenchmen—such a panic as has come upon many and many an army, in many a war.

Down the hill they ran in panic terror—an inglorious retreat.

But Victor Bacheaux still carried the flag straight in the face of the enemy. He heard the mad rush behind him, and knew his companions had deserted him; but he did not turn his head. "Never look back," the captain had said.

On and still on he went, holding the dear flag steadily before him. He was unarmed, defenseless. And, oh, how loudly the guns boomed, and how fearful was that grim line of archers and terrible the twanging of bows!

The cheering in the field below became frantic; shout after shout rent the air around; but Victor Bacheaux heard only the guns of his enemy—saw only the dreaded English archers.

He kept repeating the captain's parting words —"Your king's flag," and "Guard it with your life!" He would not disgrace his king; he would carry his flag to the top; and for one exultant moment he remembered that the eyes of his king were upon him. But he was getting close to those terrible archers, and he was marching bravely, steadily, to what he believed to be his death, when, to his intense surprise, the archers ceased shooting, and rushed toward him. He stood quite still, and held the flag higher than ever. *"Vive la France!"* he cried defiantly.

And the English archers, too, shouted, "Long live France!" as they caught up the little Frenchman and held him high for the field below to see.

Great was the cheering. The bravery of the little lad touched all hearts; and that day it was not the mighty King of England, nor the resplendent King of France, but Victor Bacheaux, the peasant, who had sho[illegible] the hero of the Field of the Cloth of [illegible]

"ON AND STILL ON HE WENT, HOLDING THE FLAG STEADILY BEFORE HIM"

THE PAGE OF COUNT REYNAURD

BY EVALEEN STEIN

"PIERROT! Pierrot! are thy saddle-bags well fastened? And how fare my lutestrings? Have a care lest some of them snap with jogging over this rough bit of road. And, Pierrot, next time we pass a fine periwinkle thou hadst best jump down and pluck a fresh bunch for my Barbo's ears."

The speaker, Count Reynaurd of Poitiers, patted the fluffy black mane of his horse Barbo,

and loosened the great nosegay of blue flowers tucked into his harness and nodding behind his ears. Barbo was gaily decked out; long sprays of myrtle dangled from his saddle-bow, and a wreath of periwinkle and violets hung round his neck; for the Count Reynaurd was not only a noble lord, but also a famous troubadour. That is to say, he spent his time riding from castle to castle, playing on his lute or viol, and singing beautiful songs of his own making.

In the days when he lived, which was many hundred years ago, there were numberless such poet-singers strolling over the sunny land of France, and especially that part which lies to the south and is called Provence. Many of the greatest of these kept little pages to wait upon them and carry their musical instruments, and so it was that Pierrot rode a little white palfrey by the side of Count Reynaurd, and carried his lute, and gathered the periwinkle for making gay bouquets to decorate Barbo's ears.

It was May-time, and they were journeying through the lovely land of Provence, which was quite enough to make any one happy, and the count and Pierrot were fairly brimming over with good humor as they rode along. They were

bound for the old town of Aix, where in those days there stood the palace of the good King René, whom everybody loved.

Now, King René himself was a troubadour, although he could not wander about over the country as did the others, but was obliged to stay in Aix and govern his people. Yet he spent hours and hours every day writing poetry and making up music by which to sing it, and he delighted above all things to gather about him all who could finger a lutestring or sing a merry song. There were always dozens of fine troubadours staying with King René, and still he was never weary of adding to their number, and of seeking out the best in France; and so it chanced he had heard much of the great skill of Pierrot's master and also of another noble lord, the Count William of Auvergne, the friends of each of whom boasted that none other in all France was worthy to be called the champion of the troubadours. And so René had sent messages to both inviting them to come and visit him, and to hold a contest of song; saying he would give a beautiful collar of jewels to the one who sang the best.

In response to this invitation, the Count William was already in Aix, having come the day

before, after a long journey from his castle in Auvergne, and he was now resting, awaiting the Count Reynaurd, and pleasing himself in thinking of the glory of winning the jeweled collar, for he fully expected by and by to carry it off as his prize.*

Meantime, Count Reynaurd and Pierrot trotted gaily along the road to Aix. The almond-trees were in flower, and from one of them Pierrot had broken a little switch covered with dewy blossoms, and with this he now and then tapped the flank of his little white palfrey, who would then kick up her heels and frisk along at a rollicking pace. Pierrot's own legs looked lovely in party-colored hose, the right being a beautiful pearl-gray and the left a delicate robin's-egg blue; his doublet was a pink silk embroidered in silver and slashed with white satin, and on his head he wore a jaunty little cap with a long feather. He was a handsome little fellow, with bright eyes and dark curls, and as gay and lively as the great black crickets that live in Provence.

His master, Count Reynaurd, looked very stately in a suit of plum-colored velvet, with a collar of fine lace fastened with a golden violet, which he often felt to be sure he had not lost it

THE TROUBADOUR

and that it was still tightly clasped. For the gold violet was a prize that the count had just won in the town of Toulouse, whither, every May-time, all the troubadours used to go and hold great contests, called the Games of Flowers. At these games each one sang a song, and the most skilful received prizes, a violet of gold and a rose of silver being the most wished for.

So Count Reynaurd was very proud and happy thinking how finely the violet would serve to clasp the collar of jewels he expected to win from King René, and he smiled pleasantly when Pierrot called out to him, "See, my lord! are not those the high towers of Aix?"

Count Reynaurd looked ahead, and, sure enough, far in the distance rose the city of Aix. They set their horses a-galloping, and in a little while found themselves riding through its quaint, crooked streets, till they reached the great square where stood the king's palace. This was a very beautiful one, strangely built, with two ancient round towers and a wide porch with many pillars; all about it was a lovely garden full of orange and acacia trees, and sweet roses and jasmines clambered over everything.

Count Reynaurd and Pierrot dismounted at

the palace gate, and were led into the great hall where sat King René, wearing a blue robe embroidered in bright flowers. He was an old man, and his hair and long beard were quite white, but he was gay and happy-hearted as Pierrot himself. When he saw the Count Reynaurd enter the hall, he arose from his throne and came down and hugged and kissed him, and patted Pierrot kindly. For René was not like some kings, who are very particular to have everybody about them as stiff and uncomfortable as possible.

Then presently the Count William, who had been walking in the garden, hearing of the arrival of Reynaurd, came hurrying in, his own little page Henri following close upon his heels. He greeted Count Reynaurd very cordially, for he had often met him at the games of Toulouse, and the little pages Henri and Pierrot soon became the best of friends also.

As the day was now drawing to a close, the good old king invited them all into the banquet-hall, where were already gathered numbers of troubadours and minnesingers, who were the troubadours of Germany. Some were eating and drinking; some were telling stories or making up poetry; while still others were playing on all sorts

of musical instruments, and were altogether having the jolliest kind of time.

Reynaurd and Pierrot were very hungry after their long ride, and so were glad to sit down at one of the long tables while the king's seneschals brought in roasted boar's-head and venison pasties, and large baskets of the fine white bread of Provence and of brown marchpanes, which were nice little old-time French cookies full of raisins and covered with nuts and poppy-seeds.

Pierrot waited upon his master very prettily, and then feasted upon the many dainties to his heart's content, all the while listening with delight to the gay songs of the troubadours and minnesingers, till by and by his curly head began to nod, and he fell asleep while still munching a marchpane, and slept so soundly that he had to be shaken when it was time to go up-stairs, where a little cot was spread for him close to the great canopied bed for the Count Reynaurd.

So the days passed merrily on, and still, time after time, when King René fixed a day for the contests between the Counts Reynaurd and William, they would plead that they were not ready, for they had grown so lazy and pampered by the

life they led in the palace that they dawdled away their time in idle pleasure.

At last the king grew impatient, and declared that he would shut them up, each in his own rooms, where they must stay for ten days composing their songs; and he commanded that then they should appear before him, when he would judge their skill and award the prize.

So Count William and Count Reynaurd were escorted up the palace stairway to their chamber doors, and each agreed, upon his knightly honor, which was a very solemn vow indeed, that he would not set foot beyond his threshold until the day appointed by the good king; and it became the duty of Pierrot and Henri to bring food and wait upon their noble masters.

But let us see how those two masters fared in their song-making. In the apartments of Henri's lord, things were going far from smoothly; for, although Count William was really a very accomplished troubadour, yet when he found himself shut up and obliged to make up a song, not a word could he write. Indeed, poets declare that this is very often the way with them; most beautiful verses will suddenly pop into their heads, sometimes in the middle of the night, so that they

have to jump up in the dark to get pencil and paper to write them down before they forget; while, if they have paper and pen ready, so contrary are their wits that they cannot write a word! And so it was with the Count William.

He fussed and fumed, but not even the least little bit of a rhyme could he make; and the more he wished it, the more impossible it seemed to become. He strode up and down the room; he snatched his paper and tore it into bits; and then he scolded Henri till the poor little fellow tiptoed out in his little pointed velvet shoes, and fled to the garden, where he sat down under an orange-tree, and consoled himself with some fresh marchpanes.

Meantime, across the corridor from Henri's master things were going on very differently with the noble Reynaurd and Pierrot. As luck would have it, this count was getting on famously. He had composed a most beautiful piece of poetry, and lovely music by which to sing it, and was altogether so pleased with himself and all the world that he snapped his fingers joyously, and fetched Pierrot a playful slap on the shoulder, crying, "Hey, Pierrot, just listen to this!" And then in a loud voice he began to sing.

Pierrot was so delighted that he clapped his hands, and declared he was quite sure his lord would win the prize, and shame the Count William into everlasting silence. Then he helped himself to a couple of great golden oranges from a basket he had just brought to Reynaurd, and strutted out to air himself, and to boast to Henri of his master's superior skill.

Meantime, Count Reynaurd sang over and over his new song, each time roaring it out louder and louder, till his lungs fairly ached.

While all this was going on, the Count William, in a great rage, was still striding up and down the floor of his chamber, which happened to be across the corridor and at no great distance from that of the happy Reynaurd. And as it happened, also, when Pierrot had gone out he had forgotten to quite close the door behind him —a fact which Count Reynaurd had not noticed. The door was very thick and heavy, and fitted badly between the stone walls, so it was not to be wondered at that Pierrot did not manage to latch it.

As it was, the loud voice of Count Reynaurd came rolling forth, and suddenly the Count William, angrily pacing his floor, stood stockstill and pricked up his ears.

Now, the count's ears were famous for being extraordinarily sharp, and he was also wonderfully apt in remembering anything to which he had once carefully listened. He knew in a moment that the sound was the voice of Count Reynaurd, and then a broad smile crept over his face, and he listened harder than ever.

As Reynaurd kept singing over and over again, it was not long till Count William had the whole piece by heart, and then, seizing his own lute, he began practising it very softly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed to himself. "Thou great foolish Reynaurd! Canst thou never learn how to hold thy tongue? But never mind, I will play such a trick on thee as will teach thee a lesson thou 'lt not soon forget. Ha, ha, ha!" And then he practised longer, till he knew both the poetry and music as well as did Count Reynaurd himself.

The next day, Pierrot, still exulting over his master's skill, happened to meet Henri in the garden, and asked how his noble lord was geting on.

"Oh," said Henri, "finely. He has just made a lovely new song!" And with that he hummed a snatch of a piece he had heard Count William

singing, and which he really thought his master had composed.

As Pierrot heard the music he could scarce believe his ears; first he was speechless with astonishment, but at last he sputtered out, "It is not true—it is stolen! That is my dear master's, the Count Reynaurd."

"Pierrot," burst in Henri, "I would have thee understand my noble lord, the Count William, does not steal, and is a far better singer, anyhow, than thy great Reynaurd!"

From this matters went from bad to worse, till the two little pages were just on the eve of coming to blows; but, fortunately, at this point one of King René's seneschals caught sight of them, and, hastening up, gave each a sound cuff on the ear, crying out as he did so, "Ho, ye little borel knaves! Know ye not the good king will have no brawlers upon these palace grounds? Take that, sirrahs! and see to it that ye behave more seemly hereafter."

The pages being thus forcibly separated, Pierrot ran as fast as his legs would carry him up the palace stairs, and burst into his master's chamber, panting out indignantly, "Dear Lord Reynaurd, the wicked Count William has stolen thy

beautiful song and will win the prize! And I tried to stop Henri, and—o-o-oh—" Here poor Pierrot, still smarting under the cuff from the seneschal, quite broke down, and was obliged to double his fists very hard and bite his lips to keep back the angry tears.

At first Count Reynaurd gasped with astonishment, and then jumped up in a towering passion. But by and by his wits came back to him, and he remembered that Count William had always been a good friend of his; but then his heart misgave him as he remembered, too, that Count William was a famous joker, and loved a jest above all things.

The more he thought of it, the more sure he felt that William only meant in some way to tease him, though he could not understand how he had learned the song. Just then his eye fell on the door, that Pierrot in his haste had left unfastened, as usual; and then it flashed through Count Reynaurd's mind how Count William had found out about the music. Reynaurd, moreover, had no doubt but that before the king William would probably sing the piece as his own, a thing which he could easily do, as René had announced that they would be called on in alpha-

betical order, according to the names of their domains: and as Auvergne thus came before Poitiers, Reynaurd knew that Count William would sing first, and that it would then be hard to make the people believe that the song was his and not William's; yet he determined, if possible, to try in some way to get the better of him.

He thought and thought very hard for a little while, and then suddenly he said to Pierrot, "Pierrot, dost thou still remember the Latin tongue that good Father Ambrose taught thee last winter in our castle in Poitiers?"

The little page assured his lord that he did, for he was really a clever scholar in the Latin tongue, which both his master and the Count William understood but indifferently.

Then Count Reynaurd called him close to his side, and whispered a plan to him that seemed to please them both mightily. Pierrot at once took up the goose-quill pen that Reynaurd handed him, and after screwing up his face and working very carefully, he wrote these lines:

Hoc carmen non composui,
Quod cano, quod cano!

and this he took great pains to teach his master.

The next day Count Reynaurd sang his song over again and again, and Pierrot purposely left the door ajar. And Count William noticed that after every stanza there were two new lines added in another tongue:

Hoc carmen non composui,
Quod cano, quod cano!

At first this puzzled Count William very much indeed; but at length, "Faugh!" he said to himself, "that ridiculous Reynaurd is seeking to give a learned air to his poetry! I dare say he has picked up those lines out of some old manuscript, and thinks to pass himself off for a great scholar."

Then Count William tried to make out the meaning of the words, which were fitted into the rhyme of the stanzas in such a way that they could not well be left out. He studied over them till he thought he understood them, though, as it turned out, he was quite mistaken. But as it was a very common way with the troubadours to end every stanza with similar lines, which they called the refrain, Count William suspected nothing, and set himself to work to learn the new words.

The time that the king had allowed the rival

noblemen was now almost up, and in two days more the song-contest took place.

The great banqueting-hall had been beautifully hung with garlands of flowers and gay banners, and at one end of it the king's throne stood on a dais, and over it swung a scarlet canopy like an enormous poppy-flower turned upside down. In the middle of the room were placed long tables, and in the palace kitchens the cooks were running about busying themselves preparing the great feast.

By and by King René came into the hall and took his seat on the throne. He wore a rich robe of purple velvet, embroidered all over in the brightest silks and gold; and after him came a great troupe of troubadours and minnesingers, some carrying their own harps or viols, and some followed by little pages who bore their masters' belongings.

As the good King René looked at his gay company and the brilliantly hung hall and the long tables, his eyes sparkled with delight, and his heart swelled with pleasure when he thought of the coming contest; for he was never so happy as when thus surrounded by his dear troubadours, whom he loved to make in every way as happy as possible.

Then, when all was ready, a gaily dressed herald came into the hall, and kneeling before the king, and bowing to the assembled company, announced the coming of the two counts, William and Reynaurd. All the other troubadours and minnesingers stood up, and King René smiled graciously as the two noblemen entered, followed by their pages, Pierrot and Henri, each of whom carried a viol bedecked with long silken ribbons.

When the counts had saluted the king and taken their places before him, he commanded a seneschal to bear in the prize; and so the beautiful collar of jewels was brought in upon a silver tray and placed on a carved bench beside the king. Then a herald stepped out, and, lifting the collar upon the point of a flower-wreathed lance, displayed it to all the company and announced the terms of the contest of song about to take place.

All of which was certainly a great deal better and prettier than the customs of most of the other royal courts of that time. In all the lands except where King René lived, when the people wanted entertainment they used to gather together to see contests called tournaments, where noble lords tried to overthrow each other with real lances on which were no garlands. But

King René could not endure such barbarous displays, and so in his palace no one fought another except with pretty verses, and the best poet was the champion.

So now, as all the usual ceremony had been gone through, the king called Count William to step forth first and sing his song. There was a merry twinkle in the count's eyes as he took his viol from Henri, hung the silken ribbons about his neck, and then, after striking a few soft notes with the tips of his fingers, began to sing, as his own, the song made up by Count Reynaurd. He went through the whole piece, although each time when he came to the Latin lines he mumbled them over so that the words sounded indistinctly, and one could not be certain of just what they were.

When he had finished, the king was delighted, and all clapped their hands and wondered how it would be possible for Count Reynaurd to do better. Indeed, they looked rather pityingly on Reynaurd, as one already defeated.

Then, when the cheers had somewhat quieted down, King René commanded Count Reynaurd to stand forth and take his turn for the prize. Reynaurd quietly stepped out, and, saluting the king, said: "My royal liege, the song to which

you have just listened was not the work of Count William of Auvergne, but of myself, Reynaurd of Poitiers."

At this, as Count Reynaurd had expected, every one looked incredulous, and Count William pretended to be very indignant, and declared that he had not been outside of his own apartments for the ten days; that he had not set eyes on Count Reynaurd through all that time; and altogether appeared to be terribly angry that Count Reynaurd should hint that the song belonged to him.

Count Reynaurd, however, asked but one thing of the king, who readily granted his request. It was that Count William be commanded to sing the song once more, and that each time he must sing the Latin lines as plainly as possible.

Count William looked somewhat abashed at this proposal, and began to suspect that a trap was laid for him. However, he could not refuse to do the command of King René, especially when it seemed so simple a thing; and so he was obliged to sing again, and say the Latin words very plainly, all the while very angry with himself because on the spur of the moment he could think of no other words to put in place of the Latin

refrain, which was so cleverly woven into each stanza that it could not be left out without spoiling the rhyme.

The king listened attentively, for, as the Count Reynaurd knew, René was a good Latin scholar himself; and by and by, when the refrain came into the song:

Hoc carmen non composui,
Quod cano, quod cano!

King René began to laugh; and he laughed and laughed till the tears fairly ran down his cheeks; for what do you think the words really mean? They mean:

I did not make this song,
That I sing, that I sing!

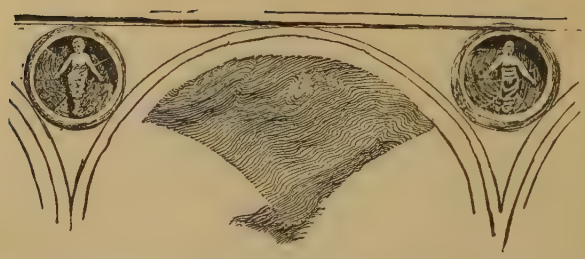
When the king at last managed to stop laughing for a few minutes, he translated the lines so every one could hear.

At first Count William looked very blank; then, realizing how cleverly the tables had been turned upon him and he had been caught in his own prank, he enjoyed the joke as much as anybody, and laughed the loudest of all. Indeed, such a "Ha, ha!" as went up through the whole

banquet-hall was never before heard, and the very rafters seemed to shake with glee.

The good king was so delighted with the entertainment that he called Count Reynaurd and Count William both before him, and taking a hand of each, declared that the jeweled collar must be divided equally between them, and at once ordered his goldsmiths to set to work to make it into two collars instead of one; which they could very easily do, as it was so wide and heavy.

Then the king had a lovely silver cup brought in for Pierrot, because of his cleverness in the Latin tongue; and afterward the whole company of troubadours and minnesingers and pages sat down and feasted so merrily that, years later, when Pierrot himself grew to be a famous troubadour, he used often to sing of the gaiety of that great festival.



SOME FAMOUS FLORENTINE BABIES

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

MORE than five hundred years ago the good people of Florence were much troubled because of the many poor homeless children in their city. There were but few foundling asylums in those days, and the poor little waifs and strays perished miserably or grew up to be beggars and thieves, excepting now and then when they were found in time and cared for by kind men and women. And so it was decided that there ought to be a home, where all could be taken in and saved from their misery. And no sooner was the good work thought of than every one wished to do something to help it. Leonardo Aretino, one of the greatest scholars of that day, spoke so earnestly and eloquently about it, that

Giovanni de' Medici, the gonfaloniere of justice, or chief magistrate of the city, took the matter into his own hands, and commanded that an asylum should be built. One of the most powerful Florentine associations of workmen, known as the guild of silk, agreed to manage the work. A famous architect furnished the designs for it, and a great artist made it beautiful with his decorations. It is about these that I wish especially to tell you. And to do so, I must begin with a few words about the artist and his family.

There lived in Florence, in the fifteenth century, a sculptor whose name was Luca della Robbia. He was the son of a Florentine. He was taught, when a child, to read and write, and then, while he was still young, he was apprenticed to one of the goldsmiths whose work was famous throughout Europe. But, like many other young Florentines who have begun life as he did, he did not keep very long at this work, but became a sculptor. He cared so much for his work—as much as most boys of his age care for play—that he would keep at it all night long. Sometimes he would be very cold, for Florence, with high mountains all around it, is cold enough in winter; and even in summer-time a sculptor's studio, full of

wet clay, as it must always be, is chilly and damp. But Luca bore it bravely, only stopping now and then to kindle a fire of shavings with which to warm his half-frozen feet. He lived for a while in Rimini, but it was at this time that artists in Florence were working with their whole hearts and souls to make their new cathedral beautiful. There never were people who loved their city as the Florentines loved theirs, and Luca hurried back, that he too might have a share in the great decorations. And very lovely were his contributions, for he represented on a marble bas-relief for the organ-screen a choir of boys singing and playing on many musical instruments, and so life-like are they, that as you look at them you almost forget they are marble, and wait to hear their music.

But it is by another kind of work that Luca della Robbia is best known. For he longed, in his great ambition, to do what no one else had done; and there were Florentine sculptors as great as he, and even greater. And so he soon began to work in clay alone, which he glazed and colored, and in this way he made beautiful things which every one wanted as soon as they were seen. And orders from churches and convents,

THE TOWER OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE

from palaces and hospitals, poured in upon him; for no one knew the secret of this kind of work but himself. And, by and by, he had more commissions than he could attend to, and so he called to him his brothers—they all were sculptors—and he told them the secret, and they and their sons worked with him. And one of the nephews of the great Luca, known as Andrea, became almost as famous as his uncle. And so they went on working and sending their lovely reliefs to every part of Italy for many years. But the family died out with Luca's grandchildren, and as none of them had ever revealed their secret, no one after their death could work in majolica, or glazed clay, as they had done.

It was with this majolica that Andrea, the great Luca's nephew, decorated the asylum for the poor children—the Spedale degl' Innocenti, as it was called. On the outer side of the building, toward the broad piazza by which it stands, is an arcade. On this he set up a row of medallions, each of which represents a baby in swaddling-clothes. The medallions are colored in blue, but the pretty little babies are white; and, though there are many of them, no two are alike. Some have curling hair tumbling over their foreheads;

PIAZZA AND FRONT OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE

some have the short straight locks you so often see on real babies; and some have hardly any hair at all. Here is one who looks as if he were laughing outright; here another who is half pouting; and here still another, who is smiling in that gentle, quiet way in which babies so often smile in their sleep, when their mothers or nurses will tell you the angels are whispering to them. It was a pretty idea to put these little figures where every one passing can see them, and where they seem like suppliants for the children within, whose smiles and pouts too often change to tears and wailing, and whose needs are many.

If you go under the arcade and into the square around which the asylum is built, you will see over a door on your left another bas-relief by the same great master. It is a picture of the Annunciation, that hour when Mary, the mother of the Saviour, was told of the coming of the Holy Child; it is a subject which the old artists never grew tired of representing, either on canvas, or in marble or clay. But nowhere can you find one more beautiful than this of Andrea della Robbia; and around the group, like a border, is a semicircle of cherubs' heads. Such demure little angels as some of them are, with hair neatly

parted in the middle, and a resigned or attentive expression on their fresh baby faces! But others look so mischievous and roguish that you feel sure, if they were to come to life and descend from their high place, they would play many merry, fairy-like pranks.

The hospital grew richer as time went on, until to-day it supports more than seven thousand poor

ONE OF THE DELLA ROBBIA MEDALLIONS ON THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE

ONE OF THE DELLA ROBBIA MEDALLIONS ON THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FLORENCE

friendless children. But they do not all live in the old building, with its beautiful decorations. Boys, when they are old enough, are sent out into the country that they may work in the fields. Girls are made servants or are taught a trade. But they all are under the care of the charity founded by the good Florentines so many years ago; and when they are in trouble they go back to

the old building designed by Brunelleschi and decorated by Andrea della Robbia, with the beautiful little figures, called nowadays the Della Robbia *Bambini* (or babies).

And so, year after year children are brought in, to grow up and go out into the great world, and to have their places taken by more poor little shelterless ones, of whom there are in Florence, as in every other large city, always too many. But, while foundlings have come and gone, the pretty white babies have never moved from their blue beds over the arcade, and they still smile and pout and laugh at the passer-by, whether the rain pours down upon them, or whether the sun shines over the wide piazza, even as they did in the days long ago before the last of the Della Robbias had died and their beautiful secret of making their special kind of glazed majolica had been lost forever.

THE DUKE'S ARMORER

BY GERALD BRENAN

LITTLE Alain looked up for a moment from the gorget upon which he was busily at work. The noise of a merry crowd coming down the Street of the Armorers had attracted his attention.

There was mighty merrymaking in the ancient city of Bruges, and, for that matter, through the length and breadth of Flanders. The highways and byways were filled with people. Gallant chevaliers afoot or in the saddle, sturdy townsmen, rollicking pages, grave priests, and richly clad maids and matrons swelled the eager throng. Peasants, too, from the plains of the Scheldt and Meuse, were there, and many pilgrims, arrayed in the garb of foreign lands. For was not Charles the Bold, the great Duke of Burgundy and Count of Flanders, about to enter his capital city, at the head of a goodly train, and

did it not behoove the people of Bruges to hold high holiday in honor of the young sovereign so lately come to his crown?

Little wonder, in view of this great occasion, that the wits of a lad like Alain should sometimes go a-wool-gathering. It was well for the armorer's apprentice, however, that his master, old Jehane, happened to be abroad. Jehane Duplessis, Master Armorer of Bruges, was a veritable tyrant, who ruled Alain hardly, and allowed little time for watching gay crowds or listening to the music of festivals. Just now old Jehane was bound on business so urgent that he had left Alain in sole charge. To be brief, he had gone to the Town Hall, there to enter his name among the list of competitors for the honored post of armorer-in-chief to the new duke.

Now, each and every person entered for this contest must needs submit for examination, as an evidence of his skill, a helmet of rare design and workmanship. During the afternoon the duke himself was to choose from all the helmets laid before him the one he liked the best. Old Jehane had carried under his cloak a helmet which he felt almost certain was destined to be the prize-winner. It was assuredly the most

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY ENTERING THE CITY

beautiful of its kind in all Flanders—of solid silver, exquisitely inlaid, and worth thousands of crowns.

As Jehane placed this treasure among the

many less splendid helmets in the crowded Town Hall, his heart felt a glow of exultation.

Instead of exultation, Jehane's heart ought to have known only remorse and shame. For this magnificent, this costly silver helmet had not been fashioned by him at all. In point of fact, the hands which had fashioned as well as the brain which had planned it were those of Alain, the Master Armorer's young apprentice. The natural gifts of the lad had long ago outstripped those of his master, and the very finest work in Jehane's shop was the creation of the modest Alain. But Jehane, if not a genius, was crafty, and he kept this fact to himself, and traded upon it. The young fellow was merely his apprentice; and apprentices had reason to dread their masters in those days. Had he not adopted him, a penniless orphan? Had he not taught him his art? "Surely, when all is told," argued Jehane to his twitching conscience, "I own the silver, and so his work belongs of right to me." So the citizens of Bruges and the Armorers' Guild knew naught of Alain, while they looked upon Master Duplessis as a most skilful artist.

Alain sat somewhat wistfully on a bench in the gloomy workshop, hammering at a broken gor-

get, and at rare intervals venturing to rest long enough for a look into the noisy street. He felt the appropriation of his helmet bitterly; for he had labored upon it zealously for a whole twelvemonth, and it seemed unjust indeed that Jehane should show such a masterpiece as his own. But Alain realized that he had no redress. Who would believe an apprentice's story against the master's?

Alain was bending over the rivets of his gorget, when there entered a burly, ruddy-faced knight, whom the lad knew as one of his master's best patrons. The new-comer was a foreigner—an Englishman, as, indeed, his speech betrayed; but Alain liked him for his bluff, hearty manner, and had picked up some little of the hard English tongue in occasional conversations with him.

"Hola!" exclaimed the Sire Richard (such being the common style accorded to the Englishman, in view of the rest of his name being difficult of pronunciation). "Weeping, eh? If not, parlous near it. I 'll swear I saw tears in your eyes! Surely on the duke's festival you should not look so glum. Come, let us hear what the trouble is."

At first Alain, cowed by fear of his master,

"ALAIN FINALLY CAME OUT WITH THE WHOLE STORY"

would not unbosom himself, but after a great deal of coaxing on the part of the Sire Richard, he finally came out with the whole story of his master's deceit.

"By St. Austin, that 's a sin and a shame!" exclaimed the tall knight, when he had heard all about old Jehane's duplicity. He had seen much of Alain's work, and believed the boy's story without difficulty. But for the Master Armorer he had only hard words, which sounded much worse to Alain because they were uttered in English. But soon, quite abruptly, he stopped in his tirade against Jehane, and, looking straight at the apprentice, exclaimed:

"A silver helmet, did you say? Why, that must be the one you finished on St. John's Eve?"

"The same," assented Alain.

"The same, eh? And don't you remember anything linking me with that helmet?"

"Oh, surely," answered Alain. "You came in as I was at work, and I asked you for a sort of motto or verse to engrave upon the vizor-rim."

"And I gave you such a device, did I not?"

"Indeed did you, sir—an English motto. I have it yet." Alain groped in the recess beneath his bench, and drew forth a scrap of parchment

upon which had been written, by way of practice, the rhyme:

Sir Knighte, you oft schal finden me
A goode friende in adversitie;
In bataille or in chevachie,
See thou that I well closen be.

These lines were supposed to be the vizor's advice to its wearer, and, in the English of to-day, mean something of this sort:

Sir Knight, you oft shall find in me
A good friend in adversity;
In battle or in foray free
See you that I well closèd be.

"Yea, by St. Austin," said the Sire Richard, "those are the lines. A worthy clerk at home made them for me—a Master Geoffrey Chaucer. And you engraved them on the rim of the vizor?"

"Yes, messire. I thought them suitable, when you made their meaning plain."

The English knight clanged the point of his long sword joyously upon the tiles.

"Then come instantly with me to the Town Hall," he cried eagerly. "Lock the door, and make haste. I shall be answerable to old Jehane."

Alain hesitated; but he knew the Englishman for a good customer who had influence with his master, so in the end the door was locked, and the boy and his guardian set forth toward the market-place of Bruges, where the judging of helmets had already begun.

In the ancient hall, Charles the Bold, late Count of Charolais, and now Duke of Burgundy and Lord of Flanders, sat upon a raised dais, surrounded by his nobles. At his feet lay five-and-thirty helmets, the work of as many cunning artificers; and, each by his helmet, stood the armorers themselves. They were grave, dignified men, hailing from many cities,—from Bruges, from Lille, from Ghent, and even from London and Paris. But none of them all looked more consequential than Master Jehane Duplessis, as he bent his gaze now on his splendid silver helmet, and now on his lord the duke.

A notable gathering filled the hall, and well-nigh impossible it seemed for any one to gain an entry who was not a great lord, or an ecclesiastic of high rank. Thus it seemed surprising that a simple English knight like the Sire Richard should manage to thread his way with ease through the glittering press. Leading by the

hand the pale and trembling Alain, Sire Richard had only to whisper his name to the surrounding men-at-arms, when a road was cleared for him. As they passed, Alain heard a dame's voice whisper:

"There goes the captain of the duke's foreigners. Marry, but he is a doughty knight!"

One by one the contesting armorers' trophies were inspected by the duke. After fully an hour's discussion, the chamberlain at length announced, amid a breathless silence, that his Grace was divided in his mind between the golden helmet of Master Anthony Maas of Ghent, and the silver one of Master Jehane Duplessis.

Alain's cheek flushed with joy. The silver helmet—his own beloved silver helmet!—was one of the two from which the choice was to be made. The tall captain of mercenaries gripped him tightly by the arm, however, so that he overcame his emotion and awaited the final result.

Once more the Duke of Burgundy and his lieges examined the two helmets. An eager discussion seemed to divide them into two parties. At last, however, the duke seemed decided, and whispered some words in his chamberlain's ear. Alain almost ceased to breathe, so tense was his

excitement, as the long-robed functionary, with much dignity, stepped forward to speak.

"His Grace," said the chamberlain, "has chosen in favor of the helmet which, while perhaps not so costly as its rival, is, to his mind, of far more beautiful fashion and design. He awards the prize, together with the honorable title of chief armorer, to Master Jehane Duplessis."

A murmur of satisfaction spread through the great hall, for the victory of a citizen of Bruges was popular. Old Jehane bowed low, and was opening his mouth for a speech of thanks, when a tall, red-faced Englishman came pushing his way out of the crowd, dragging behind him a boy in the leathern jerkin of an apprentice. Bending one knee before the duke, the English knight exclaimed:

"Your Grace, I crave a word on this matter of the helmet."

"Speak, good captain," answered the duke, albeit greatly astonished at the interruption; "we have given you the right to audience at all times, since we fought side by side at Montlhéry."

Then up rose the Sire Richard, and in good round phrase denounced Master Jehane Duplessis as a thief and a man of falsehood. He re-

"SIRE RICHARD IN GOOD ROUND PHRASE DENOUNCED MASTER JEHANE DUPLESSIS AS A THIEF"

counted the entire story of the helmet, at the same time leading forward the shrinking Alain, at whom old Jehane darted a scowl of wrath.

But Jehane was not to be robbed of his laurels thus easily. With assumed scorn he replied that the captain of mercenaries had been taken in by this rascal boy, who, indeed, imposed upon many. The story was untrue. He alone had fashioned the helmet. Indeed, how could it be thought that a mere boy could produce such a work of art?

This course of argument had a powerful effect upon the duke and the audience generally. Murmurs arose, and all looked with doubt toward the Sire Richard. But that stanch warrior smiled grimly, and, stepping forward so as to look Master Jehane full in the face, cried in resonant tones:

"Varlet and evil-doer, do you mean to tell his Grace that you, without the slightest assistance, made the silver helmet?"

"Assuredly; no other hand even touched it," answered the false Jehane.

"Then, I pray thee, repeat aloud the motto or device which you engraved on a certain portion of your masterpiece."

A cold sweat broke forth on Jehane's face. The motto? He had observed no motto.

"I forget it," he stammered.

"At least, Master Jehane, you can tell us upon what part of the helmet it is engraved?" asked the Englishman.

The Master Armorer, in speechless agony, shook his head.

The Sire Richard turned to Duke Charles. "Is it likely, your Grace," he cried, "that a man should forget the legend engraved by him on his trophy, or be unable even to locate it?"

Then, addressing Alain, he bade him repeat the verse and indicate its position on the helmet. Without a moment's hesitation the lad explained that the words were on the vizor-rim, and then repeated the rhyme.

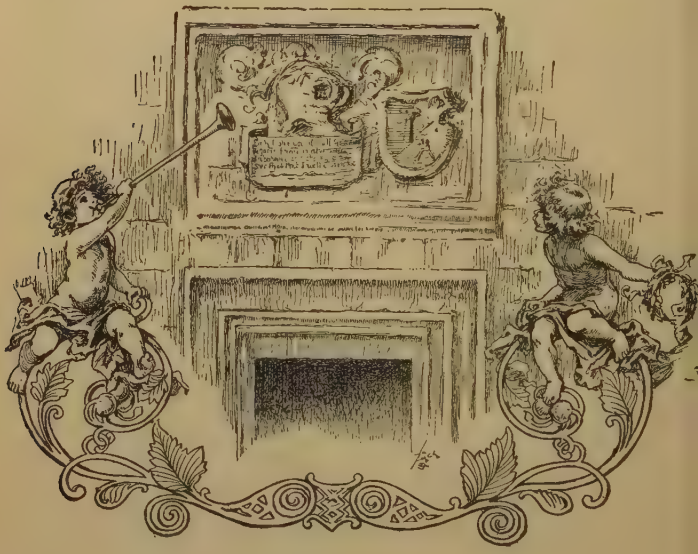
"It is even so," said the duke, glancing at the graven legend on the silver.

Again the Englishman turned to Jehane. "Master Artificer," he said with a smile, "since you placed those rhymes there, at least you can tell us their meaning in Flemish?"

Jehane saw that he was trapped all round, for he knew not one word of English. After a futile look about him for some method of escape, he feli

upon his knees before the duke, confessed everything, and prayed for pardon.

The close of this curious affair was pleasant enough. The duke made Alain his chief ar-



morer, and, at once to punish the disgraced Jehane, and by way of a little comedy, he commanded the aged armorer to serve as apprentice for three long years to the lad whom he had striven to cheat. But Alain proved a kindly master, and eventually took Master Jehane into partnership. To this day you may see their joint

workshop in the old town of Bruges. The house can be readily identified by the two carved devices over the door. Without doubt one of these belonged to Master Jehane. The second represents a silver helmet, and upon a scroll beneath the carving you may, with care, decipher the following quaint legend:

Sir Knighte, you oft schal finden me
A goode friende in adversitie;
In bataille or in chevachie,
See thou that I well closen be.

Such was the motto and such the trade-mark of Master Alain of Bruges, the Duke's Armorer.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

BY NOAH BROOKS

MORE than six hundred years ago, there began and ended a movement among the children of France and Germany, of which the world seems now to remember very little. It was a crusade to recover the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. It is hard to understand in these days how an army of men could be raised for such a purpose. It is more difficult to explain why thousands of children, without arms, provisions, or equipments for so long a journey, should leave their native land and try to reach far-off Palestine to rescue the tomb of Our Saviour from the hands of unbelievers. But this was attempted by the Children of the Crusade, in the year of Our Lord 1212.

The Saracens, under the Caliph Omar, took possession of the Holy Land, A. D. 637. Although

the places held most sacred in the eyes of the Christians of that time thus passed into the possession of people of a hostile faith, devout pilgrims were still permitted to visit the spots made memorable by tradition. To worship at spots believed to be hallowed by Our Lord's birth, sufferings, and death, men journeyed across continents, suffered untold hardships, forsook home and friends, often lost their lives, and thus earned, as they thought, the especial favor of God and an abundant entrance into heaven.

But, as the centuries moved on, the Saracen rulers were less favorably disposed toward the Christian pilgrims, who now were worried in various ways, were shamefully treated, and forbidden to keep the sacred places in repair. This ill news spread throughout Europe. In all the Roman Catholic courts there was much indignation. The Pope, then the great potentate of Christendom, was deeply stirred by the tidings brought him by returning pilgrims. Peter the Hermit, a zealous man, who had seen with his own eyes the indignities practised by the Saracens, began to preach a crusade. He traversed many Christian kingdoms, calling on rulers and people to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the

hands of unbelievers. Urban II, then Pope of Rome, sanctioned the movement. The multitude took up the cause, crying "God wills it! God wills it!" And thus the first crusade began.

Those who entered the enterprise wore a cross of cloth on the breast or shoulder. Bearing thus the sacred emblem, they became crusaders—cross-bearers.

Several hundred thousand people—nobles, knights, and soldiers—finally marched upon the Holy Land in 1096. These were divided into four armies. They met with divers fortunes, and out of the vast body of crusaders, only 21,500 soldiers at last reached Jerusalem. The Holy City fell into their hands, and Godfrey of Bouillon was chosen head of the Latin kingdom of Palestine. This power melted away in the lapse of time, and in 1145 another crusade became necessary to restore the Holy Sepulcher to Christian keeping. This was begun in 1146. It was undertaken by France and Germany. It was unsuccessful, and a third crusade was soon after resolved upon. In this great movement all Christendom was engaged. Of those whose names are most prominent in the history of the time, Richard I, King of England, surnamed

"The Lion-hearted," has been longest remembered as a chivalric sovereign and a puissant crusader.

A fourth crusade was thought necessary in 1200, the victorious results of the third crusade having faded away by that time. In this the French, assisted by the Venetians, were chiefly concerned. The ultimate effects of a long campaign were not satisfactory. The Holy Land was overrun once more by the Mohammedans, and the new Turkish power became firmly established on the border of Europe in Asia Minor.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Europe was jarred by numerous wars; some of them were domestic, and others had been undertaken by royal or noble adventurers, greedy for conquest. Fire and the sword had passed from kingdom to kingdom; the people were impoverished and sick of violence and war. Civilization was at a low ebb, and men everywhere were weary of their long struggles for peace. Into this condition of society came wayworn pilgrims from the Holy Land, bringing tidings of the wretched plight of the shrines which Christian hands had reared, and telling harrowing tales of

the indignities heaped on holy men who went to worship or pay their vows at the birthplace and sepulcher of Our Lord.

To these appeals for succor there was no response. The country was poor and the people tired of wars. We can suppose that the preaching of the excited pilgrims fell on the ears of men who sullenly asked themselves, "Will it pay?" There could be but one answer. Europe was filled with outlaws; the people were sore distressed; robber barons dwelt in strongholds, whence they issued to ravage vast tracts of country; and only in the crowded, want-stricken cities was there any security for life and property. A crusade would not pay. The popular religion of the times was not much better than heathenism; and the threats and entreaties of priests were alike unheeded.

In the gloomy old town of Cloyes, situated in France, in 1212, lived a young lad named Stephen. The scant history of the times tells us only that he was a shepherd boy, that he was about sixteen years old, and that he tended a flock on the hills of the Loire, which flows through the town. His family name is not recorded; he is known in history only as Stephen of Cloyes.

Stephen had heard the passionate appeals of the priests, and had seen the tears of returning pilgrims as they recounted the perils of the way to the Holy Land and pictured the sufferings which Our Lord had endured through his disciples at Jerusalem. His heart had been stirred within him as he saw that there was not one to help the distressed Church and her faithful cross-bearers. He had talked of these things in his rude companionship; he had mused over them in his solitude among the hills of the Loire. As he mused, the fire burned.

There to him appeared, one day, a strange man, who commended his zeal and pious tears. To the wonder-stricken, rapt youth he announced himself as Jesus Christ. He gave him a commission to preach a crusade to the children, promising that he should lead to Palestine an army that should occupy the land and restore the Holy Sepulcher. Into his hand he delivered a letter to the King of France, commanding the monarch to aid the heaven-appointed apostle of the new crusade. Filled with rapture, Stephen flew to his parents, told his marvelous story, and exhibited his celestial letter to the king. The simple people listened with amazement and perplexity. They

asked for the heavenly visitant; but he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

Stephen soon proved how apt a pupil he was. Fired with strange ardor and gifted with great natural powers of oratory, the lad kindled innumerable hearts with burning zeal. Leaving Cloyes, he went to the city of St. Denys, then famous as the burial-place of the martyr Dionusius.

The people heard with awe, not unmixed with doubt. The beliefs of the time were overlaid with much ridiculous superstition. Divine appearances and angelic visitations were believed to be common; and not a few were ready to accept Stephen as a divinely-appointed prophet. He is said to have healed the sick by his touch; and the fame of his youth, piety, and high mission spread far and wide. Nevertheless, there was no movement of the people toward his banner. Men were disturbed by the civil wars that then rent France. There were many rulers, and the fertile provinces of that beautiful land were trampled by hostile forces. But the children were caught up by this strange enthusiasm. Like a contagion, the crusading spirit spread from Brittany to the Rhine. Stephen traversed the country, speeding

from city to city, and everywhere calling on the children to hear the voice of God commanding them to save the Holy City from the defilement of the Moslems.

The young apostle must have been a youth of rare power. His appearance was in all places hailed with enthusiasm. He fascinated the children and youth. Inspired by his words, these young people seemed to be transfused with an unaccountable zeal. They passed into a state of spiritual exaltation not now easily to be understood. Boys and girls of ten or twelve years of age left their games and toys, or their tasks and homes, and joined the three-pointed, blood-red banner of the young crusader. Here and there, minor prophets sprang up, preaching the sacred mission of Stephen and avowing him as their leader. Like a flame the movement spread, sweeping children of tender years and even maturer youths into the ranks of the augmenting army. Children escaped from the confinement in which parents thought it necessary to put them; they were deaf to the voice of authority and the call of affection. They flew, they ran, they poured, they tumultuously streamed to the banner of the Children's Crusade, reëchoing once more

the cry which had followed the fiery cross of Peter the Hermit, "God wills it! God wills it!"

News of this strange uprising sped swiftly throughout Europe. Pilgrims returning to Germany from the sacred shrines of France told the story of the boy prophet as they trudged wearily up the fertile lands of the Rhine. Near the old city of Cologne, where lie the fabled bones of the Three Wise Men of the East, lived a boy named Nicholas. He was then ten years old. His family, like that of Stephen, was humble; and we only know him now as Nicholas of Cologne. He heard of the great success of Stephen, and, incited by his father, who is said to have been a bad man, he began to preach in Germany the Children's Crusade. He also pretended to have a divine commission; and this, he related, came to him in a blazing picture in the sky, where he saw a fiery cross and a command to go and rescue the Holy Sepulcher.

His success was immediate and very great. Youths of all stations and ranks came at his call. Sons of nobles and high-born lads from the castles of knightly renown hastened to join his banner. Expostulation was in vain; and, as in France, the strange madness spread until Cologne

was overflowing with an army, and tens of thousands were camped in the country outside the walls.

Early in the summer of 1212, Nicholas marshaled his army. It was twenty thousand strong; and on its skirts hung the dissolute and bad, who, as in France, were eager to embrace this opportunity to plunder, mislead, and corrupt. Heedless of these evil influences, the children,—gentle and simple, noble and serf-born,—ennobled by a common inspiration, formed themselves into three columns, and began their march to Palestine.

With banners fluttering in the soft summer air, songs joyfully ringing as they moved, and crosses borne aloft, they passed down the banks of the Rhine. These twenty thousand children could find no place large enough to lodge them; they had no stores of provisions, except where some of the sons and daughters of nobles had been provided with supplies and attendants by their parents. For the most part, therefore, they camped in the forests, by running streams, or sought lodging in cattle-sheds and rude cottages by the way. They begged their scanty repast from the inhabitants of the country, fed on roots and berries, and often went forth hungry in the

morning and lay down to sleep at night pursued by gnawing hunger. Many wasted away and fell among the rocky paths before they had left German soil. Others were received into houses on the route, and so roamed no more.

Passing into Switzerland, then a collection of little principalities without any central government, they were inhospitably received.

Still the devoted band pressed on toward Italy. Their songs were exchanged for sighs, but up to the Alps they climbed. With wounded and bleeding feet, they crept over the rocky ledges or plunged into the icy torrents. At night, drenched with chilly rain, they lay down on stony pillows or sank upon the ground. Some who sought rest on these inhospitable couches never woke again, but slept away their hapless lives amidst Alpine snows. Others stripped themselves of their tattered garments to shelter a freezing brother, sister, or companion, and so perished nakedly, the unnamed heroes of the Children's Crusade.

Singly, or in straggling bands, many turned their faces homeward. But even those were too far spent to reach Germany again. They perished miserably in their feebleness; and the comfort-

able homes of Fatherland knew them no more. So great was the mortality among the children of the German nobility, that a century passed away before the effects of this great inroad upon the flower of the nation had ceased to be apparent.

At length, reaching the last declivity of the Alps, the German children beheld the superb city of Genoa. Its marble palaces and cathedral spires gleamed in the warm sunlight; around rolled the verdurous valleys and hillsides; and beyond sparkled the blue Mediterranean. Filled with joy, they forgot their hardships and raised a song of triumph. Neglected banners were once more unfurled; crosses waved on high; and, renewed by the brightness of the moment, this strange inundation precipitated itself upon the plains of Italy.

Of the twenty thousand fair-haired youths who had left Germany, only seven thousand were left to knock at the gates of Genoa. The rest—well, we know how they had perished by the way. We can guess how, as their young lives went out, their sufferings must have pained the very ear of a merciful God. We can imagine the dreadful story of their woes as they sank beneath the afflictions of hunger, cold, and disease, along the paths

which these seven thousand had threaded. The army of the crusaders has long since melted away. We know very little of the young enthusiasts, or even of the people who must have known them; but, while time endures, the pathetic story of their journey across the Alps shall be told with wonder and with tears.

Seven thousand German boys, the flower of the Rhine lands, rugged survivors of an army of children, demanded one day's rest in Genoa. . . . It was impossible to go back. It were better to die in Italy than to reascend the Alps. Some found homes in Genoa and thereabouts; but the main body passed along the sea toward Pisa, then one of the great free cities of Italy—rival of Genoa and Venice. Here they were doubtfully received; and a few, giving up their hope in a miraculous passage of the sea, accepted an offer to take ship to the Holy Land. We cannot follow these. It is believed that they finally reached Ptolemais, the only port in Asia Minor then in the hands of the Christians. They went no further. The city was beleaguered by the Moslems; and into the motley population of Ptolemais this detachment of the Children's Crusade melts away and is heard of no more.

The remnant of the army of Nicholas pursued their way to Rome, the seat of the papal power being their only source of light and counsel. The Pope (Innocent) received them kindly, but without encouragement. He told them that they must give up their crusade; but said that they were still bound to their vows, and when they had reached maturer years they must recommence the undertaking that he now declared futile.

Here, then, the last of the followers of Nicholas found rest. In Rome, where so many modern pilgrims have thought they gained their nearest glimpse of the glories of heaven, the boys of Germany ended their crusade. They disappear in the thronging multitudes of the Eternal City, and find no more place on the pages of history.

Another body of German children followed that led by Nicholas. These were about ten thousand in number; but why they were not included in the previous army we cannot tell. There is no explanation of their course; no record of the names of their leaders. We only know that they pursued a slightly different course from that of their predecessors; that they met the same privations; suffered also from hunger, thirst, and exposure; and that they finally reached

Italy reduced in numbers, and that they rested at last at Brundusium. From this port, at the extreme edge of the Italian peninsula, they expected to cross to the Holy Land. They found means of transportation; and, embarking on board several ships that were offered them, they sailed away into oblivion. All trace of them is lost. We cannot tell whether they suffered shipwreck, and so were swallowed up in the sea, or whether they sold into slavery in distant pagan lands. Their tragical story has perished out of the records of the past.

The French children, under the leadership of Stephen of Cloyes, left Vendome during the latter part of June, 1212. Thirty thousand, mostly boys, set out with the same demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm with which the German children had begun their march to Palestine. There were huzzas, songs of lofty cheer, anthems to God, and hopeful predictions of victory in the Holy Land. There were weeping mothers holding out in vain their beseeching hands to the departing children whom they should see no more. The procession, gay with banners and shouting with joy, passed down the Loire and so journeyed toward Marseilles.

Their route was not beset by the same hardships that had broken the ranks of the German children. There were no Alps for them to scale; no mountain torrents to chill their young blood. But the summer of 1212 was one of severe drought in France. The fields were parched, the streams were dry, and food was hard to get.

Nevertheless, the bulk of Stephen's army passed on undismayed. Stephen assumed the airs of a young king. He rode in a chariot adorned with gorgeous trappings, and surrounded himself with an armed body-guard. He was luxuriously clad, and his person was held so sacred that a touch from him was a priceless boon. His deluded followers paid him divine honors; when he spoke, they thronged about his chariot in such numbers that many of the weaker boys were trampled to death. He seems to have passed from a deluded victim into a wily, selfish impostor.

The terrible heat prostrated many. Their corpses strewed the way; and it is said that the country through which they passed was afflicted by the scourge their mortality inflicted. Barefoot, emaciated, and greatly reduced in numbers, the army reached Marseilles. Stephen's authority

was gone, the crowd having long since refused to own him as their chief. They reached the sea at last, a demoralized and disorganized rabble.

Here the sight of the Mediterranean revived them, and they waited for the Lord of Hosts to open a path for them. In vain! Days and weeks passed and no relief came. The citizens of Marseilles grew weary of feeding them; and their prospects of reaching the Holy Land daily darkened. Thousands sought homes in the city or in the country round. Groups straggled off homeward, and a remnant only remained to wait.

Two merchants of Marseilles, when the number of the children was reduced to about five thousand, offered to carry them to the Holy Land. The offer was gladly accepted; and in seven small vessels the joyful young crusaders finally set sail. Two of these crafts were cast on the rocky shores of the Isle of Falcons, a small island in the Mediterranean. All on board perished miserably, their comrades looking on in horror while the cruel sea swallowed up their forms forever.

The rest of the fleet sailed away. Their banners disappeared down the horizon, and for eighteen years they were lost to the world that had

known them as the young crusaders. In due time there came tidings—at first uncertain, then more positive—of the hapless boys. The two merchants of Marseilles—Porcus and Ferreus—were disguised slave-dealers; the young crusaders were carried to Bujayah, an Algerian port, and there sold into pagan slavery. A few were taken to Alexandria, where they were bought by dealers from Bagdad, Cairo, and other Moslem cities. The children who had been born on the Seine, the Loire, or in the lovely valleys of southern France, wore their lives away in the hot fields of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Egypt. Cruel Algerians drove to their daily tasks the tender young ones of mothers who sorrowed in distant homes for the children whose fate was unknown, and on whose dear faces they should look no more.

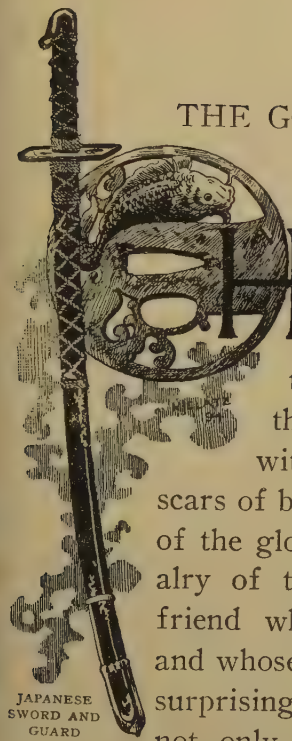
Centuries have gone since this strange crusade was preached. Kings and mighty men who then filled a great space in the world have gone their way. The little actors in this moving drama have long since become dust. Their burial-places, scattered from Central Europe to farther Asia, are unknown. . . . Even we who read it wonder vaguely at the marvelous religious enthusiasm

that awakened this mass of children; and we close the story with a sigh.

But God has doubtless wrought out some lesson from these pathetic events. So soon this dream was over; so soon this pitiful struggle was ended; so rapidly into the dim past melted the story of the Children's Crusade—who shall tell why it was ever begun so strangely, or why it ended in such a cloud of woe?

THE GOODLY SWORD

BY MARY STUART McKINNEY



JAPANESE SWORD AND GUARD
The guard on a larger scale

HALF a hundred centuries ago the Egyptians gave to the sword its name. Since those old days the history of the trenchant blade, stained with blood and defaced by the scars of battle though it is, holds much of the glory, the poetry, and the chivalry of the cruel game of war. A friend whose fidelity never wavered and whose power never failed, it is not surprising that men endowed the sword not only with human attributes, but with the might and majesty of the gods themselves. The old legends abound in tales of its magical powers. How the divine armorers strove continually to excel some rival in the forging of a blade of a temper so delicate that it might cut a thread with the same ease with which it

struck a head from the body, or hewed through heavy metal armor, was a favorite subject of the old Teutonic and Viking tales. These legendary blades bore characteristic names, by which they were invariably known: Graysteel, Wader through Sorrow, and Millstone Biter were swords of wide renown; and we all remember how Arthur of the Round Table took "Excalibur . . . the sword that rose from out the bosom of the lake." Cæsar's sword was called "Crocca Mors"; Charlemagne's "Joyeuse" played no small part in the setting up of the great Frankish empire; many a bold captain went down before "El Tizona," wielded by the relentless hand of the Cid.

JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS

Since fact and fancy both unite in telling of its great-

ness, let us see what history really says about the knightly weapon.

In the early ages, before men knew anything about civilized ways, they lived in caves and had to protect themselves not only from the attacks of animals, but from those of their human brothers as well. The first weapon their unaccustomed fingers shaped was a war-club. Experience, however, soon taught them that a deadlier blow might be delivered with a weapon that would cut rather than crush, and they made a hatchet. Then, one day, some one discovered a substance in the secret stores of the good brown earth on which he finally learned to put a keener edge than he had ever been able to chip on his stone hatchet, and the sword was made. From the remains discovered in tombs and barrows, or mounds, we know that these savage races gained a certain degree of skill in fashioning bronze and iron sword-blades. And from the care with which it is evident that their bodies had been buried, we infer that they are the remains of chieftains and men of consequence, and that they esteemed their swords most honorable and perhaps useful companions in the long journey to the world beyond.

Of the swords of the three great nations of antiquity, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the

ASSYRIAN SWORD

GREEK SWORD OF BRONZE

ROMAN BROAD-SWORD

Romans, we are able to get a remarkably clear idea from the carvings they have left on tombs and temples. The Assyrian sword had a slim, two-edged blade merging into a handle that was

scarcely more than a haft. The decoration was limited almost entirely to carvings of the heads and bodies of animals, so placed, as may be seen from the picture, as to give a singularly striking and distinguished character to the weapon.

In the many lively skirmishes that took place around the walls of Troy during the famous ten years' siege, the Greek warrior carried an admirable sword. The rather long two-edged blade with its gradual swell, that tapered gracefully to a sharp point, has been likened very aptly to the form of the sage-leaf. These outlines were so good in themselves that any extra decoration seems out of place. We find, however, that delicate traceries on the blade, and silver studs set thickly in the hilt, were favorite ornaments. Although this sword was shortened in later years, its beautiful outlines were retained, and the sparing decoration of blade, scabbard, and hilt was remarkably simple and artistic, as befitted the Greek race.

But the sword that gained the greatest renown in classical antiquity was the broadsword of the Romans. The weapons commonly used in the times before the Christian era were the lance and the javelin. It was with these that the unshaken

strength of the far-famed Macedonian phalanx had been maintained against many a fierce attack. The phalanx consisted of foot-soldiers drawn up in line of battle, four, eight, sixteen, or twenty-five ranks deep. The men, who were heavily armored, held their shields close together, edge to edge, and their long spears tilted forward to protect the rank in front. The broadsword of the Roman legionaries, however,—those sturdy fellows who knew how to fight with a fortitude and tenacity that have never been surpassed,—taught the Greek a new lesson in military tactics. A successful formation of the phalanx required careful preparation, and a fairly level country was absolutely necessary. When it was possible to command these conditions, the compact square of spearmen presented a front that it was almost impossible to break. But in a sudden encounter, or fighting at close quarters, an effective use of the broadsword did not depend on any definite order of formation, and it brought into play quite another sort of courage. Men then no longer fought as machines; it was the personal bravery of the individual, and not the dumb, stolid resistance of ranks of human beings formed into a living wall that won the day.

During the first twelve centuries of the Christian era the sword varied little, in the essential features, from the lines of the broadsword. The blade was lengthened, it is true, and less curved; but the crosspieces of the hilt were usually straight, and the simple, workmanlike look was preserved. The change to the elaborate hilts of several centuries later was made gradually. There were slight changes in the crosspieces from time to time; the stiff straight lines little by little began to curve gently toward the blade. The knob at the end of the handle, usually a simple disk or ball of metal, was varied into a trefoil, a fluting, or a small Maltese cross. Blades and scabbards were engraved with inscriptions, a practice which had indeed been handed down from ancient times, as swords have been found in Danish barrows bearing unmistakable Runic characters cut in the bronze blades. The cross-hilted sword the Crusaders carried on their pious errand to the Holy Land not infrequently displayed the sacred monogram, either carved or inlaid. An oath sworn upon the sword was held peculiarly sacred and binding, and it was a common custom in England and elsewhere to confirm a pledge in this way.

In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries the development of the sword was carried forward rapidly. Hitherto, the military organization of Europe had been of the most irregular character; but in the fourteenth century the German troops and the men from the Swiss mountains became known far and wide for their thorough discipline and excellent organization. They approached more nearly to the modern idea of a soldier than any troops that had yet been put in the field, and they were employed as hired troops by the various European sovereigns. They were armed with a pistol and a huge two-handed sword which, through their marvelously skilful handling, became one of the most famous weapons of the armory. This "two-hander," as the Germans called it, often reached the length of seven feet, and one still preserved in Westminster Abbey weighs quite eighteen pounds. The wavy outline of the blade, a style of decoration that was much in favor in the arts about this time, and from which came our word "flamboyant," or "flaming," gave greater efficacy to the blow. The prongs below the crosspieces protected the guard. Wielded by trained men, this weapon was capable of doing terrific execution. The

brawny man-at-arms grasped the sword firmly in both hands; balanced on one foot, he swung the blade in a circle above his head and fetched a crashing blow that mowed down everything before it. It was a favorite weapon with the English soldiery, to whose strongly-built frames its huge proportions were well adapted. Richard the Lion-hearted, who from his great size alone would have been the foremost man on any field, handled this heavy weapon with such strength and skill that his name became a terror to the foe. According to an old romance, an expert swordsman might hope to leave sixty of the enemy disabled on the field; but these mighty brands had all the faults of their virtues. Like the cumbrous armor of the Gothic period, they were a sore tax on the spent energies of the weary soldier; and, owing to their awkward size, extreme care was required in handling them lest an unexpected blow might be bestowed upon some fellow-soldier in the furious assault. Besides, it took a lifetime of training to produce men of sufficient strength and dexterity to render effective service.

The glorious epoch of the sword, however, was reached in the sixteenth century. Great manual

skill and a thorough training in the arts were united in a marked degree in the artisans of this period, and gave to the products of the industrial arts a permanent value and beauty. In the shops of the metal-workers this proficiency reached a rare excellence. War was the main occupation of kings, and civil and military pageants were the favorite pastime of royalty. The armorers, consequently, were in constant demand, and were untiring in their efforts to produce costly, brilliant arms and coats of mail. Great artists devoted all the resources of their genius to the enrichment of the sword. No metal was too precious, no jewel too rare, no fancy too ingenious for its decoration. Hilts were incrusted with gems, set with medallions, carved, embossed, inlaid; scabbards of Spanish leather or Genoese velvet were wrought with gold and silver embroidery; blades of the finest steel were polished to a dazzling luster, and engraved with inscriptions and arabesques. Every artifice that a fertile imagination could devise and cunning skill carry out was lavished upon the decoration of the beloved weapon.

The Spanish towns were celebrated throughout

the civilized world for the excellence of their swords, and among them all Toledo stood unrivaled for the temper of her steel. The Toledo blade, famous in song and story, was so keen, so flexible, and withal so strong that its fineness became proverbial. When the Moors overran Spain in the ninth century, they were already masters of many of the arts, and especially were they adepts in the working of metal. Their swords were highly valued for their delicate temper, and their special decoration which we still call damaskeening was also justly prized. It was from these conquerors that the Spaniards learned much of their skill in forging and tempering steel.

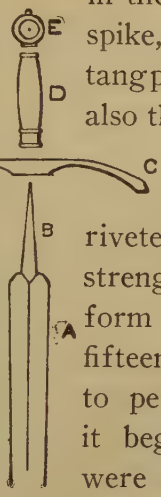
And that the completeness of the noblest weapon men ever made should not be marred by the lack of any element, natural or artificial, the fairy godmother, Nature, contributed one more gift. On the banks of the Tagus there is an abundance of fine sand. In the process of forging, the metal is taken white-hot from the furnace, and is subjected to a cooling process. It was to the peculiar properties of this white Tagus sand, in which the cooling blade was buried, that the

Toledo swords owed their unequaled hardness and great flexibility.

The Italian cities produced some excellent swords. The smiths of Milan and Florence forged blades of exquisite temper, to which they applied tasteful decorations. Benvenuto Cellini made many a noble masterpiece in the enduring steel, and Andrea Ferrara, whose swords were in high favor in England and Scotland, has left his signature on some weapons of fine temper and rare workmanship. There were celebrated sword-cutlers in France, the armorers of Bordeaux being especially notable. The German smiths excelled in the manufacture of heavy armor, and the hilts of Nuremberg were admirable. It would take, however, less than the fingers of one hand to tell off the really great sword makers of England—those worthy of lasting fame.

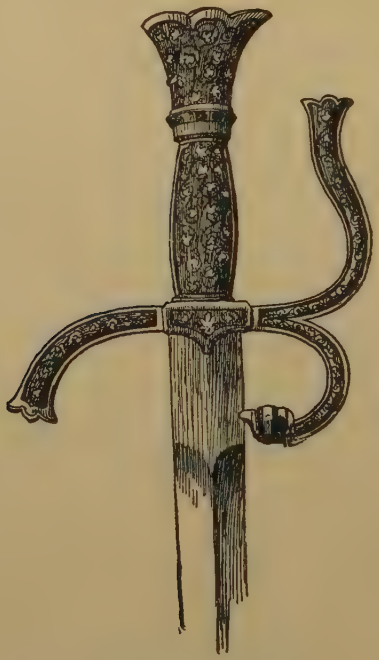
The swords of the sixteenth century exhibit such a diversity of form and design that, in order to get a clear idea of the relation of the parts, a brief explanation of the pieces and the terms used to designate them may be necessary.

To understand exactly how the sword was put together, let us glance at the diagram a moment.



The blade, marked A in the drawing, narrows into a tapering spike, B, which is called the tang. This tang pierces the cross-guard, C, C, called also the quillons, and runs through barrel, D, to the grip or E, where it is firmly the pommel, riveted—a construction that insures strength and absolute solidity. This simple form of the sword prevailed until the fifteenth century, as we have seen, when, to perform the various duties to which it began to be assigned, new pieces were added and the old ones were modified. As the science of swordsmanship developed, it was found necessary to protect the hands of the combatants. A guard and counterguard, which sprang from the quillons and extended to the pommel, were therefore introduced. The cup-guard, formed of a cup-shaped piece of steel, pierced, and decorated with flowers and foliage, served a useful purpose in entangling the point of the adversary's weapon in its perforations. A curious variation of the guard was called the *pas d'âne*. It consisted of bent pieces, more or less intricate, which twisted and turned upon themselves, and ran down upon

the blade for a short distance. Each of these additions to the hilt had its own special use in the beginning; but when the art of sword making



VENETIAN SWORD WITH CURVED QUILLONS

began to decline, as it did in the seventeenth century, they were made a mere excuse for meaningless ornament.

The man of the sword who flourished in the

sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries indulged a most critical taste in the number and quality

SPANISH SWORD WITH CARVED HILT

of his weapons, each of which had its own individual uses. The stout plain sword for the serious work of fighting held the warmest place in his

esteem. When the soldier became, for the time, a courtier, he appeared before his sovereign gorgeous in velvet, satin, and lace ruffles, and wore at his side a graceful toy he called a court-sword. The dueling-sword, that figured so prominently in those hurried and quiet little affairs that took place in unfrequented byways, was a long, slim, sharply pointed weapon, flexible as a ribbon, but with a sting that cost the king's service many a brave and dashing guardsman.

The "estoc" was the long sword of a mounted man-at-arms. Too large to be carried at his belt, where, indeed, he already wore his ordinary sword, it was hung from the saddle-bow. It differed from the ordinary sword only in size, and being a thrusting implement solely, it was stiff, pointed, and usually hollow or channeled along the middle of the great blade, to make it as light as possible. The rapier was in general use on the Continent some years before it made its appearance in England, where, it must be said, it was received with scorn and ridicule, as being much too effeminate a weapon for any self-respecting son of Mars to trifle with. The cavaliers of France, Spain, and Italy, however, were adepts in the intricate science of sword-play, and used

SPANISH SWORD OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,
WITH CUP-GUARD

it with a fatal subtlety. The cutlas, which we read about in Captain Marryat's stirring tales, and in the thrilling stories of the exploits of pirates on the Spanish Main, was short, and

rather broad and flat in the blade, which had an exceedingly sharp double edge. The yataghan and simitar bear the evidence of their Oriental

SPANISH SWORD, SIXTEENTH CENTURY, WITH PAS D'ÂNE

origin in their curved blades, and suggest the ancestry of the saber. The saber is the most important cutting implement of modern armies. It is distinguished from the sword proper by the

single-edged blade, which attains its greatest thickness at the back, and is grimly suggestive of the dire effects of a swinging cavalry charge. The schiavone—a notable sword of the Italian soldiery—carried a conspicuous guard, extending from the quillons to the pommel, formed of a latticework of metal bands that resembled the plaiting of osiers in a basket. This basket-hilted sword, as it was called, was so closely allied to the claymore of the Scotch Highlanders that they have frequently been mistaken, one for the other.

The Japanese, whose civilization was old before ours began, have produced beautiful examples of the sword maker's art. The Japanese nobleman carried his swords as the insignia of his rank. He wore one on each side, thrust into the folds of his sash. These swords have been handed down as heirlooms from father to son; and it was not unusual for families of ancient lineage to have as many as fifteen hundred of them—marvels of costly and artistic workmanship—in their possession. The scabbards are richly lacquered, and bound about with a silken cord in a curious pattern, a specimen of which is shown in the initial. The blade is curved, and the round guard is pierced to carry a small

JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS

dagger. This guard, called a *tsuba,* is decorated with curious designs; and so great is the ingenuity of the Japanese metal-workers that among the thousands of swords they have produced it is impossible to find two guards exactly alike. They are prized so highly by collectors that large sums of money have been paid frequently for an antique sword, only that it might be ruthlessly torn apart to secure the guard.

CARLOVINGIAN SWORD, EIGHTH CENTURY

But the heyday of the sword has passed. The general use of firearms increased steadily as the awkwardness of the old snap-hammers and wheel-locks was improved upon, and the nobler weapon was gradually supplanted. Now, it is complained, the traditions that hung about the sword, the nice customs that controlled its use, and the courtly manners its very presence seemed to foster, have been forgotten: the king of weapons has become simply one more ornament.

Such, sketched lightly, is the merest outline of

the history of the sword; an intimation only of the splendor and stateliness of the weapon of whose achievements Sir Richard Burton has said:

"In the hands of the old Nilotes the sword spread culture and civilization throughout adjoining Africa and western Asia. The Phenicians carried it far and wide over the world then known to man. The Greeks won with it their liberty, and developed with it their citizenship. Wielded by the Romans, it enthroned the reign of law, and laid the foundation for the brotherhood of mankind. Thus, though it soaked earth with the blood of her sons, the sword has ever been true to its mission—the progress of society."

YATAGHAN

SIMITAR

UNITED STATES LIGHT-CAVALRY SABER, AS USED IN 1864

IVANHOE

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL

I DON'T think I shall ever forget my first reading of Scott's story of "Ivanhoe."

It was about the time when I was half through my Latin grammar. I was curled up in an easy-chair, with one of those gilt-backed volumes in my hand which made a long array in a little upstairs bookcase of a certain stone house that fronts the sea. Snowing, I think, and promising good sliding downhill (we knew nothing about any such word as "coasting" in those days). But snow, and sleds, and mittens were all forgotten in that charming story, where I saw old Saxon England and the brave Cœur de Lion, who was king, and a pretty princess, and dashing men-at-arms, and heard clash of battle, and bugle notes, and prayerful entreaties of a sweet Jewess, and anthems in old abbeys.

All these so lingered in my mind, that when years after I went rambling through England, I wandered one day all around the town of Ashby-de-la-Zouche to find—if it might be found—the old tournament ground where was held the famous fête that opens so grandly the story of "Ivanhoe"; and in going through Sherwood Forest (what is left of it), I think the Robin Hood of Scott's story was as lively in my thought as the Robin Hood of the old ballads.

The first scene shows a swineherd, with rough jerkin; his tangled hair is his only cap, and a brass band is around his neck, and he is talking with the fool Wamba, who sits upon a bank in the forest. They are the serfs of an old Saxon named Cedric, who lives near by, in a great, sprawling, half-fortified country-house. And when Gurth, the swineherd, and Wamba go home at night, there is met a great company in the hall of Cedric, their master. A famous Templar knight, Sir Brian du Bois-Guilbert, is there with his retinue; and Cedric has seated by him Rowena, a beautiful princess, who is living under his guardianship; and there is a pilgrim from the Holy Land in the company,—who is a disguised knight (the son of Cedric, but has been dis-

inherited by the father because he has dared to love the beautiful Rowena); and there is a rich old white-bearded Jew,—Isaac of York,—who is buffeted by the company, but who is richer than them all. The timber roof of the apartment is begrimed with smoke, that rises from a great fireplace at the end of the hall. Yet the meats are good, and there is wine and ale. There is talk of the battles of the Crusaders in Palestine, and of the valiant deeds of Richard the Lion-hearted, who is a prisoner (or thought to be) somewhere in Europe; and there is talk, too, of the great tournament at Ashby, where all the company is going on the morrow.

But no one knows the secret of the disguised pilgrim, who at dawn next day steals out secretly, —taking Gurth with him, and telling the swineherd who he really is. He befriends the Jew, too; and so, through his aid, procures a steed and new armor for the battle of the tournament.

It was a gorgeous scene at Ashby. Prince John, the usurping king (brother to Richard), was there with his court, and Rowena, beautiful as ever; and still more beautiful was Rebecca, the "peerless daughter of the Jew," Isaac of York. Of course there was, too, a great crowd of Saxon

knights and of Norman barons, and of people of all degrees,—such a crowd, in short, as gathers at one of our great fairs or races. But remember that very few of the great people, even in this gathering of Richard Cœur de Lion's day, could write their own names, and it was a long time before there was any such thing in existence as a printed book. But yet I think the show of fine feathers and silks, and coquetry, was as great then as it would be in any such great assemblage now.

Well, in all the knightly sports of the early part of the day, Bois-Guilbert was easily chief; but before the day ended, a new knight made his appearance on the field with vizor down, unknown to all, and with only this device on his shield,—a young oak torn up by the roots, and the word "Disinherited." Everybody admired his motions and his carriage, and everybody trembled when he rode bravely up to the tents of the challengers and smote the shield of Bois-Guilbert with the point of his lance. This meant deadly strife; while, before this time, all the combats had been with blunted javelins.

So the knights took up position, and at a blast from the trumpets dashed forward into the mid-

dle of the lists, and met with a shock that must have been a fearful thing to see. Neither was unhorsed, though the lances of both were shattered in splinters. At the second trial, Bois-Guilbert rolled over in the dust, and the strange knight (whose real name was Ivanhoe) was declared victor.

The air rang with shouts, and Ivanhoe rode around the lists to single out a fair lady who should be queen of the next day's fête; of course, he chose Rowena, the Saxon princess, who sat beside Athelstane, who was of royal Saxon blood, and was her declared lover, and favored by Cedric, who sat also beside her.

But neither Cedric, nor Rowena, nor Prince John knew who the strange knight could be, since he had refused to lift the vizor of his helmet, or to declare his name. The Jew, Isaac of York, doubtless knew the steed and the armor, and may have whispered what he knew to Rebecca; for when Ivanhoe, at evening, sent his man Gurth to pay the Jew for his equipments, the beautiful Rebecca detained the messenger at the door, and paid him back the money—and more; saying that so true and good a knight, who had befriended her father, owed him nothing.

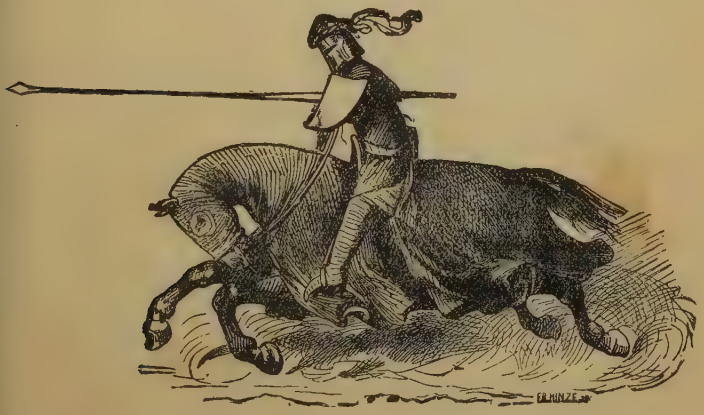
This was a most splendid thing for Rebecca to do, we all thought.

The next day there was a little army on each side in the contest: Bois-Guilbert leading one, and Ivanhoe the other. For a long time the result was doubtful; but, at last, Ivanhoe was beset by three

knights at once,—Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane, and Front de Bœuf; he surely would have been conquered if a new party had not appeared. This was a gigantic knight in black armor, with no device, and who had acted the sluggard. He rode up at sight of Ivanhoe's sore need, and with a careless blow or two from mace or battle-ax, sent Front de Bœuf and Athelstane reeling in the dust.

After this, the victory of Ivanhoe was easy and complete.

They led him up to receive the crown from Rowena, the queen of the fête; and they unloosed his helmet, though he made signs to them to forbear; and Cedric knew his son, and Rowena



knew her lover, and Prince John knew the favorite of the wronged King Richard, whose power he was usurping.

But the poor knight was wounded grievously; and, taking off his corslet, the attendants found a spear-head driven into his breast. He was taken away to be cared for,—none knew exactly by whom; but it appeared afterward that it was

by those in the employ of Rebecca, who, like many ladies of that day, was a great mistress of the healing craft.

A day or two later, as I remember, he was journeying in a litter under care of the Jew and Rebecca, who were attacked by outlaws; and after this, claimed the protection of Cedric and Athelstane, and their company, who also were journeying through the same region; but these latter did not know who was the wounded man in the litter. Even if they had known, they could not have protected him against the enemies who presently beset them; for they all were taken captive and lodged in the great castle of Front de Bœuf.

Ah, what a castle it was! What dungeons! What mysterious posterns! What embrasures, and courts, and turrets, and thick walls, and secret passages!

I see in one of its dungeons the old Jew, appealing to Front de Bœuf, who threatens to draw out his teeth one by one, or to roast him by the dungeon fire, if he will not disgorge his money.

I see Rebecca, beautiful and defiant, wooed by Bois-Guilbert, as captives are always wooed by conquerors, until, with proud daring, she threat-

ens to throw herself from the embrasure of the window, headlong down the walls.

I see Cedric disguised as priest and making his escape, and flinging back bribes in scorn. I see Ivanhoe stretched upon his sick couch, helpless, and listening yearningly to the sounds that come up from the castle walls. I see the beautiful Rebecca—who is in attendance upon him (we boys were all so glad of that)—exposing herself to chance arrows from Robin Hood's band, who are attacking the castle, only that she may look out and report to the poor knight Ivanhoe how the battle is going. She says a giant, in black armor, is heading the attacking party, and that he thunders with his great battle-ax upon the postern gate, as if the might of an army were in his hand. She says the men go down under his strokes as if God's lightning had smitten them. He knows who it must be. It is—it can be no other than the Black Sluggard of the tournament—Richard I of England!

"Look again, Rebecca."

"God of Abraham! They are toppling over a great stone from the battlements; it must crush the brave knight!"

Poor Ivanhoe! Poor captives!

"But no, he is safe; he is thundering at the gate; it splinters under his blows! Ah, the blood! the trampled men! Great God! are these Thy children?"

Yet even now, there are inner and higher walls of the castle to be climbed or battered down. Never would they have been taken except there had been treachery within. A wretched woman —Ulrica, victim of Front de Bœuf—has set a match to a great store of fuel, and smoke and flame belch out: the defenders have fires to fight, and their outposts are weakened, and the attacking party press on and secure the citadel. I seem to see smoke and flame, and crashing towers, under whose ruins lie buried Front de Bœuf and the miserable Ulrica. Then, upon a patch of green-sward, under the shadow of a near grove of oaks, the victors gather slowly to measure their spoil.

The Saxon Rowena is safe—so is the Jew and Cedric. Athelstane has received what seems his death-wound. Ivanhoe has been snatched out of the jaws of destruction by the arm of King Richard, who bids Cedric be reconciled with his son; which bidding the old Saxon curmudgeon cannot deny; and he is half disposed to favor—now that the royal lover Athelstane is out of the way—

the pretensions of Ivanhoe to the hand and heart of Rowena. Robin Hood, in his suit of green, gets free grace for all his misdeeds as outlaw, and, with one of his "merry men,"—a certain jolly friar of Copmanhurst (who does not know the secret of the Black Knight),—the easy-going, stalwart king has a sparring-match (which to every boy-reader of our time was delightful), and which ended with putting the great jolly friar sprawling in the dirt. What a brave, stout king was Richard, to be sure!

But the only real grief among all who have been rescued is shown by the poor old Jew—not so much for the moneys which the barons and the church-people have shorn him of, as for his daughter. The sweet Rebecca has not been crushed, indeed, in the ruin of the castle; but she has been borne away a captive by a knight who was none other than the wicked Templar, Bois-Guilbert. Whither, none knew; nor does the story of her seizure come to the ears of Ivanhoe (for which, I fear, Rowena was glad), who is borne away to some religious house, where he will have more orthodox, though not more gentle, care than the tender Rebecca would have rendered.

After this, I seem to see a great crowd of mourners in some old monastery or religious house of some sort, bewailing (with good eating and flagons of ale) the lost Athelstane; and in the middle of the funeral feast—which the king had honored with his presence, and Rowena, and the knight Ivanhoe—lo! Athelstane himself, with his grave-clothes on him, suddenly appears! Good old Walter Scott loved such surprises as he loved a good dinner. The royal Saxon lover of Rowena was not really dead, but had only been stunned by a fearful blow. But the blow has cleared his brain, and made him see that Rowena cares more for the little finger of Ivanhoe than for his whole body; so he tells Cedric he gives up his claim.

And what does Ivanhoe say?

There is no Ivanhoe to be found. A mysterious messenger has summoned him away, and though scarce able to sit his horse, for his sore wounds, he has put on his armor and dashed through the outlying forests. He rides hard, and he rides fast, for there is a dear life at stake. Whose?

We return now to Rebecca. Bois-Guilbert had indeed borne her away, and had lodged her in a great house that belonged to the Knights

Templar. But the Grand Master of the Templars, to whom Bois-Guilbert owed obedience, was a very severe man, and a very curious, prying man; and he found out speedily what Bois-Guilbert had done; and he found out that this young woman, beautiful as she was, was a Jewess; and there were some among the Templars who said she was a sorceress, too, and had practised her sorcery upon Bois-Guilbert. So this Grand Master of the Templars brought the poor girl to trial for sorcery (though she was the most Christian and most lovable creature in the whole book)!

It was a sorry, sham trial: the Templars all on one side, and the poor Jewess on the other (for the miserable fellow, Bois-Guilbert, was afraid to open his mouth in her defense). He told her, indeed, that he would save her, and run off with her, if she would go; but she scorned him with a most brave and beautiful scorn. Of course she came off badly at the trial, as they meant she should. She was condemned to be burned! Only one chance for escape was left—she might summon a knight to her defense, who must contend against the bravest and strongest of the Templars. If her champion won, she might go free;

if he failed, by a hair's breadth, the fagots would be kindled around her.

But who would defend a Jewess? Who would be champion for a suspected sorceress?

She craved the privilege of sending out a messenger, in faint hope of finding a champion. And the messenger rode—a good fellow—rode fast, rode far; 't was he that found Ivanhoe, and 't was with him that the good knight left the scene of Athelstane's coming-to-life.

The morning came. The fagots were piled up; the match-fire was ready; the Templars were all gathered; the stout Brian du Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-a-pie, was ready for any champion; the great warning-bell began tolling—One! two! three——

What dust is that rising yonder? It is—it is a knight—in full armor; he approaches—he comes in plain sight. It is Ivanhoe; but ah, so weak, so wearied, so wasted by his sickness! There is but little hope for poor Rebecca. But he enters the lists; he braves the challenger; the trumpet sounds; the steeds dash away to the encounter, and the crash of meeting comes.

The Grand Master strains his eyes to see what figures shall come out from that cloud of dust.

One is down,—prostrate, utterly,—dying. Of course it must be the enfeebled and fatigued Ivanhoe. But no—no—it is not! It is Bois-Guilbert who is dying! And what is this new cloud of dust and tramp of cavalry? It is Richard of England, who has followed hard upon the track of Ivanhoe; for he has heard of his errand, and knows he is unfit to encounter the strongest of the Templar Knights. He has brought a squadron of armed men with him, too, to seize upon all traitors in the ranks of the Templars; and lo! above the roof and towers of the Grand Master of the Templars the royal standard of England is even now floating in the breeze. And Rebecca is safe, and Ivanhoe is safe.

And did he marry her?

Ah, no! He married the Saxon Rowena; and they had a grand wedding in York Minster, where now you may see the pavement on which they walked.

One day after the wedding,—it may have been a week later,—a visitor asked an interview with the bride. The visitor was a closely veiled lady of most graceful figure. You guess who it was —Rebecca. She brought a gift for the bride of Ivanhoe,—a gorgeous necklace of diamonds,—so

magnificent that Rowena felt like refusing the gift.

"I pray you, take them, dear lady," said Rebecca. "I owe this, and more, to the good knight, —your honored—" Here she broke down. But she recovered herself presently—kissed the hand of Rowena—passed out.

I think Rowena was glad her visitor did not meet Ivanhoe upon the stairs; I think she was glad, too, that the lovely Rebecca went over seas presently to Spanish Granada, though she pretended not to be.

I know if *I* had been Ivanhoe— But we will not try to mend a story of Scott's; least of all, when we crowd one of his novels into a few pages, as we have done here.

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